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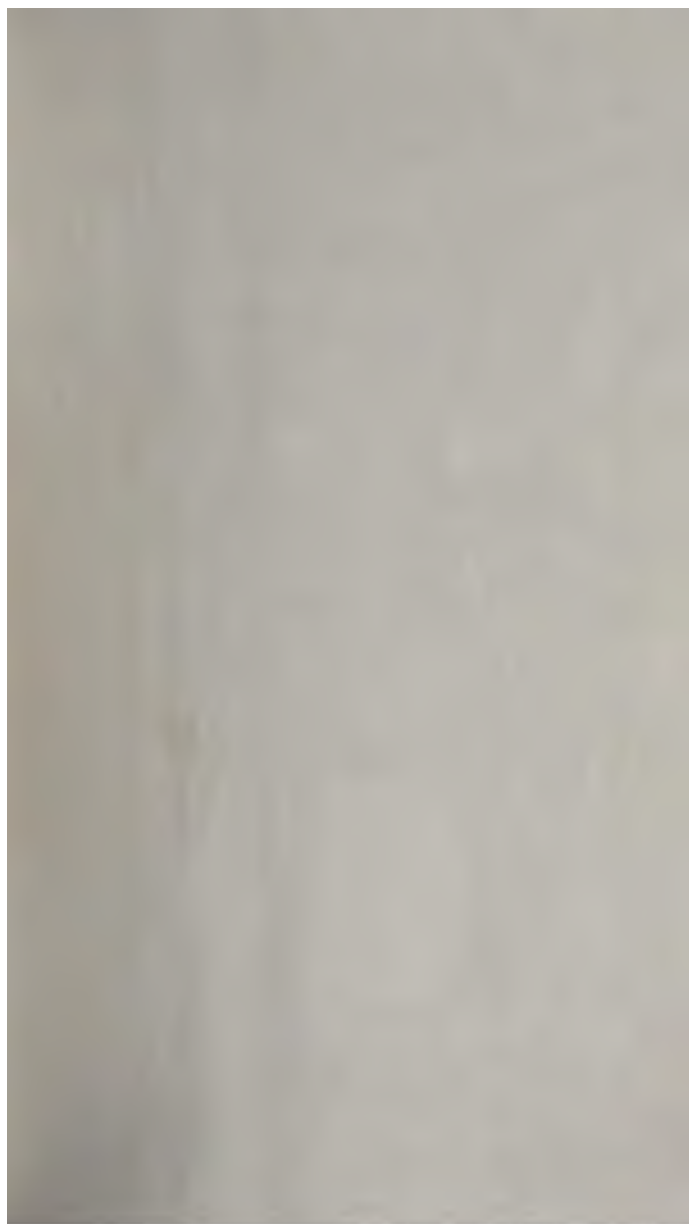
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3



SCENES FROM THE FLOOD;

THE TENTH PLAGUE,

OR THE

FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT SMITTEN;

AND OTHER POEMS.

“ THROUGH Pope’s soft song though all the graces breathe,
And happiest wit adorn his Attic page,—
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclined,
In magic Spenser’s wildly warbled song,
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn———.”

T. WARTON.

SCENES
FROM THE FLOOD;
THE TENTH PLAGUE,
OR THE
FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT SMITTEN;
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY DUGALD MOORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE AFRICAN," &c.

ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, GLASGOW;
CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH;
AND HURST, CHANCE, & CO. LONDON.

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Life of Augustus Deke.

TO
PROFESSOR WILSON,
A HUMBLE OFFERING AT THE SHRINE OF GENIUS,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
BY HIS ARDENT ADMIRER,
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THE warm reception which my former Volume met from the public, and the kindly manner in which it was reviewed, has again emboldened me to venture upon their patience. With diffidence, however, I approach them at this time, fearful lest my claims for public patronage be not of a nature to justify this second attempt. With these feelings, I solicit the attention and the mercy of the critics: let them be as lenient to this as to my former Volume, and I will have to return them double thanks, for their kind and generous treatment. It is with gratitude that I mention the gentlemen connected with the periodical press. To them I am much indebted. Their former reviews were laudatory, and always gentle, and their praises constitute one of my best apologies for a second appearance.

The Poem with which the Volume commences, is not a tale, as *the title* might lead some to imagine, but

a series of panoramic sketches, taken from a work composed some time ago, one of which I ventured in my last volume, "Irak, a Son of Cain." It was then tried as an experiment. It was well received, and even extracted by some of the Reviewers; this led me to glean the remainder, which now appear in the leading pages of the present work. Several of the pieces, however, may appear somewhat misnamed, from page 34 to the end of "Scenes from the Flood," the poems having barely any connection with the subject; the characters, however, introduced in these pieces, constituted part of the work from which the first eight were taken: and a something, for which the public may have no sympathy, led me to introduce them at present.

"The Tenth Plague" is a venture. And if successful, it will form the first of a series of Sacred Poems, which may appear in due time. The smaller Pieces are various, and were generally written on the thoughts of the moment. As the public has already in a most generous manner become my patron, to them again I look up for support.

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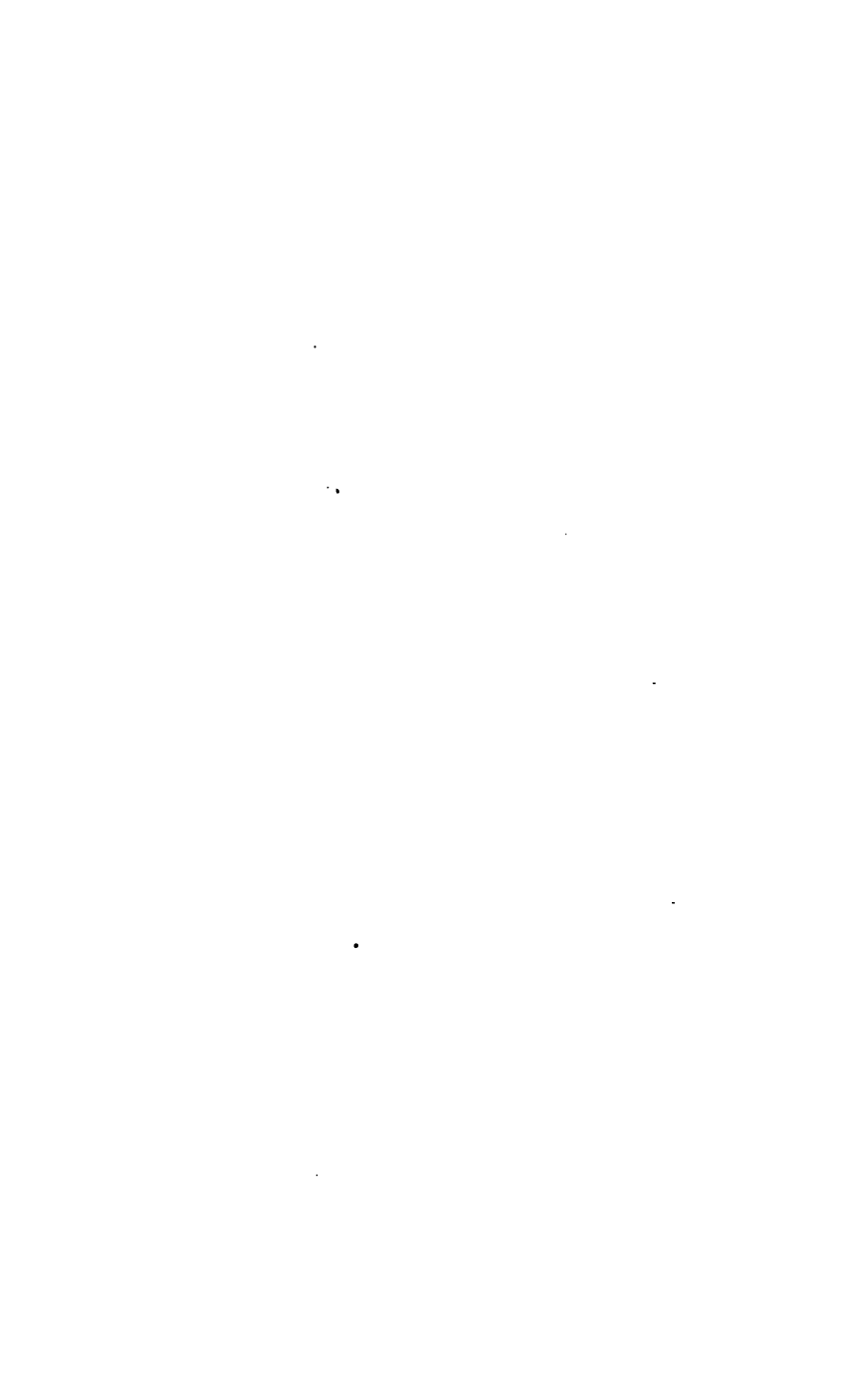
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SCENES FROM THE FLOOD.

SCENE I.

THE LAST PEAK.

A SAVAGE cliff, whose ribs of ice had slept
In dead sublimity, where ruin kept
His horrid reign; frozen in that frigid clime,
'Mid crags untrodden since the birth of time,
Where winter's breath on their dull throne had
bound

Silence and desolation; where no sound,
Nor wing of strongest bird, did ever dare
To break the stillness of the fetter'd air
That chain'd the winter of each passing year,
And hush'd the thin and lifeless atmosphere
Upon the hoary-headed cliffs, which hung
Huge glittering heaps, where nature had no tongue,
Where aught that spoke of summer, 'mid the chill,
Was petrified to marble and grew still;

Where nothing stirr'd the icy ear of death,
But the black hurricane that boil'd beneath,
Some thousand fathoms down; but round the verge
Of that eternal glacier, not a surge
Broke on the glassy desert, where that peak
Of herbless granite glitter'd to the streak
Of the pale sun, swathed in its snowy shroud,
The frozen image of a stormy cloud!

Chased by the deep, the feather'd tribe were seen
Perch'd where the wildest wing had never been!
And man's last thousands, in their strong despair,
Were clinging to that cliff—hope's latest lair:
So nigh the waters edged them where they stood,
That the wild monsters, plunging through the flood,
Swept shrieking myriads from their slippery place,
And dash'd the waters in each livid face!
They look to heaven, amid the rushing clouds
That wrapp'd each groaning precipice like shrouds;
They saw the day expiring, with its flight
Hope left each heart that darken'd into night!
The blast has brush'd the sky a moment bare,
And the dim sun looks through the dying air,
Like death on nature's parting hour! 'Tis past;
That pale, unearthly glimmer was his last,

While the black hurricane sublimely hung,
And dash'd the boiling sea to sleet, and flung
His terrible magnificence abroad,
Till space re-echoed to the voice of God!
The lurid sky is one vast lightning glare,
As if each giant cloud that floated there
Was earth's destroying angel, doom'd to stand
With heaven's last withering thunder in his hand,
Ready to fire creation ere her time,
And stamp in triumph o'er the wreck sublime!

Oh, there were looks of horror and despair,
Wailings and tears, and many a maddening prayer,
And there were groans and curses long and loud,
And screams of death amid each broken cloud,
Where the great eagle, in his whirling flight,
Smote by the blast, reel'd headlong from his height,
And perish'd in the sea! And the deep groan
Of wilder things, came from that icy cone
Where savage man in madness gazed on high,
And shook his dark arm 'gainst the yawning sky,
And heaved aloft his swart brow to the blast,
As if to court destruction ere it pass'd!
And the long yell of many a beast of prey,
That died amid the darkness, far away

Where the striped tiger and the panther stood
Shivering amid that ghastly multitude!

A few wild nights, and still in grandeur shone
Amid the rising deep, that fearful cone;
But of the clinging life that press'd its brow,
And cried in vain to heaven, where are they now!
Suck'd from their hold by the engulfing wave,
They drift away o'er dead creation's grave,
Millions on millions, thick as are the leaves,
Which autumn's breath in wild disorder heaves
Athwart some blasted heath;—and have they all
Sank 'neath death's black, annihilating pall?
No, there is one—one ghastly skeleton,
The last frail wreck of nature left alone—
Lone as the latest star within the sky,
When rosy morn sweeps in his glory by,
Lone as a solitary meteor's light
Shed dimly on the boundless deep at night!
His lip is bloodless and his arm is bare,
His eye is fix'd in terrible despair;
A lion's hide is round his shoulders cast,
His long hair streams upon the rushing blast;
His cheek is ashy, but his haughty brow
Lowers with disdain upon the darkness now;

His foot is set on earth, which the white spray
Of ocean lashes in its fearful play!
The cloudy hill-tops now are seen no more;
Around him rolls a sea without a shore;
One wilderness of azure, where heaven's fire
Plough'd up the shrieking billows in its ire!
The pitchy air is dead—nought strikes his ear,
But the wild rush of waters, and the drear
Shrill-whistling music of the hollow breeze
Curling the blue mane of the awful seas!
Above him howls the tempest thick and dark,
Around him float the dead; while the gorged shark
Rolling along, and careless of his prey,
Splashes into his face the hissing spray!
His heart is panting, and his blood-shot eye
Is fix'd in stony glare upon the sky:
He starts—amid the rushing dark, a light
Broad, red, and rayless, rises to his sight—
'Tis the sick moon that lifts her dying form,
And looks a moment through the closing storm;
Half starting from the broken clouds that pass'd,
She stood like spirit of the rushing blast,
Tingeing the ghastly millions of the dead,
That heaved in silence on their watery bed!

Where the striped tiger and the panther stood
Shivering amid that ghastly multitude!

A few wild nights, and still in grandeur shone
Amid the rising deep, that fearful cone;
But of the clinging life that press'd its brow,
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His eye is fix'd in terrible despair;
A lion's hide is round his shoulders cast,
His long hair streams upon the rushing blast;
His cheek is ashy, but his haughty brow
Lowers with disdain upon the darkness now;

Now burst the clouds, the lightning darts amain,
Down thro' the blackness sweeps the mighty rain;
The deep expands, its foaming billows hiss
Through the black centre of the stunn'd abyss;
The storm roars on, in vain its deafening voice
Echoes above those pinnacles of ice;
The sea in fury lashes o'er its brow,
And death bestrides a world in darkness now!

And he that last and lonely one desried,
And drank her latest beam before it died;
And as her wan light tinged his faded cheek,
He gasp'd in silence, but he could not speak;
Then stretch'd his arms, and smote his brow of gloom,
As if in proud defiance of his doom—
As if he felt, though earth was in her pall,
That his free spirit would survive her fall!
His pale lip is compress'd, as if he wish'd
To choke the thoughts that thro' his bosom rush'd—
Those tender dreams—those hopes of happier days,
Shower'd on his spirit with the moon's dull rays—
Which storm nor darkness could not bid depart
From their last shrine, a wild and broken heart!
His arms are stretch'd, as if it were to court
The sulph'rous shafts that round his temples sport:
A bolt hath smote him—o'er the waters spread
A wild convulsive hand—a gasping head—
A passing quiver—and a moment's light
Shot from despairing eyes—and all is night!
The pang has pass'd—the struggling murmur died,
And the pale victim floats along the tide!
With brow of gloom—his scowl of fix'd revenge,
Writ by the hand of death, it cannot change.

The thunder roll'd! and shook each hill
To his annihilating shout,
That seem'd to shiver earth, and spill
The germs of nature out;
Creation 'neath the whirlwind bow'd,
The wolf reel'd howling in the blast,
The eagle hung upon her cloud,
Scared as the lightning pass'd!

The world had nothing now but graves!
That hoary ranger of the sky,
Hung floating far above the waves,
And bent below his savage eye:
He saw the waters rise and spread
O'er nature fearfully and fast;
He saw the oaks swept from their bed,
By each tremendous blast.

Earth's olden cities met his view,
The storm was now their winding-sheet;
He saw their millions hurrying through
Each dark majestic street;
The moon was quench'd—day's glorious lamp
Seem'd in the desolation dead;
He saw Death, in his blackness, stamp
O'er pale creation's head.

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SCENE II.

THE VULTURE OF CAUCASUS.

He was the monarch of the wild,
He roam'd the pathless wastes on high—
The hurricane's unfetter'd child,
The terror of the sky;
The glittering crest Ararat rears
Through heaven's blue solitude,
Could scarcely boast of longer years,
Than this wild thing of blood.

.

He sat within his rocky tower,
Each airy wanderer was his prey—
Despot in solitary power,
In blood he had grown gray!
But now the deluge was abroad;
Earth's million cities all were dumb—
From his dark cave, the voice of God
Had bade destruction come.

The thunder roll'd! and shook each hill
To his annihilating shout,
That seem'd to shiver earth, and spill
The germs of nature out;
Creation 'neath the whirlwind bow'd,
The wolf reel'd howling in the blast,
The eagle hung upon her cloud,
Scared as the lightning pass'd!

The world had nothing now but graves!
That hoary ranger of the sky,
Hung floating far above the waves,
And bent below his savage eye:
He saw the waters rise and spread
O'er nature fearfully and fast;
He saw the oaks swept from their bed,
By each tremendous blast.

Earth's olden cities met his view,
The storm was now their winding-sheet;
He saw their millions hurrying through
Each dark majestic street;
The moon was quench'd—day's glorious lamp
Seem'd in the desolation dead;
He saw Death, in his blackness, stamp
O'er pale creation's head.

Groans mock'd the thunder's awful chime;

He saw hosts, in the fearful rain,

Up the blue icy mountains climb,

And shriek to God in vain;

Lone on the topmost crags they stood,

And wildly eyed the shoreless wave—

A dark despairing multitude,

Whose hope was in the grave!

He saw the mountain's masses flung

On tribes that sought a shelter there;

He heard the tempest, as it sung

Their dirge of wild despair;

He saw the monsters of the deep,

Rejoicing in their boundless sway,

Athwart the glacier's forehead sweep,

And brush its ice away.

And roused by the o'erwhelming wave,

The slumbering lion woke and rush'd

In terror from his blood-stain'd cave,

In which the ocean gush'd;

He saw him panting scale the rock,

His dun mane flashing to the sky,

But shrivell'd by the lightning's stroke,

Night drank his latest cry.

And o'er the tiger's gory steep—
The rent—the maddening billow flies;
While plunging through the strangling deep,
The striped destroyer dies;
Around him drift the sapless bones,
Swept from his old and savage grot—
Shreds of the wither'd skeletons,
Which he in power had smote.

He saw the last of human form
Cling wildly to the mountain's side,
While the strong demon of the storm
Heaved up the boiling tide;
Wild were their wailings of despair,
They drown'd the thunders rolling on;
'Tis o'er—the waves are yawning there,
But life's last spark is gone!

Yet still he soar'd, on mighty wing
Above the ocean's fearful wrath,
While not a voice nor living thing
Moved in the gloom beneath;
Ah! now he sees the oozy flood
Sweep o'er and o'er his ancient nest:
One flutter—and his screaming brood
Die on the water's breast!

Now is the deep in grandeur flung
Above the earth's extremest height,
While wearily that vulture swung
High on the dreadful clouds of night;
But, faint and worn, his wings at last
Down through the darkness flutter'd chill;
O'er his far scream the billows pass'd,
And life and death grew still!

SCENE III.

THE ARK.

ON through the desolation dark,
The clouds in grandeur sweep;
Nought but the solitary Ark
Went drifting o'er the deep;
The highest peak of earth was hid,
The ocean crown'd its pyramid;
Earth's tribes had ceased to breathe—
In the wild waters they had sunk,
Each heart was cold, each lip had drunk
The bitter cup of death!

The glorious giants of old time,
Lay buried in the wave—
Their only dirge the storm sublime,
And deep which swept their grave;
There was no life beneath the gloom—
Creation was one fearful tomb;
And the tremendous rain
The only tears which now were shed
O'er nature's million million dead;—
Chaos was king again.

Through tempest drifting far and fast,
The Ark of hope went on—
Around her sporting in the blast,
The huge leviathan
Dash'd the white surges of the spray
Athwart her in his mighty play;
But sea-bird there was none,
To parch upon her dripping side;—
Earth's latest one had long since died,
And ruin lived alone.

Space had no life, no joy, no sound,
But the long ocean's roar,
And the big thunder rolling round
A world without a shore;
The whirlwind's rush, as high it swept
The hiss of lightning as it leapt
Bright o'er its stormy road—
The waters heaving without end,
As if at last they would ascend
Up to the throne of God.

The desert monsters all were still,
They floated o'er the sea,
And drifts the Ark o'er vale and hill,
Where man first bent the knee;

Earth's ghastly millions, thick and fast,
Heaved upward by the rushing blast,
 Around her prow are driven;
She holds the few that now must sow
A future world with joy or woe,
 And people hell or heaven.

Lo! floating in the tempest's wrath,
 The raven sweeps the clouds;
Soon wilt thou feel the chill of death—
 What has earth now but shrouds?
Thou'lt find in yon dull sky sublime
No gay companions of thy prime—
 Thy feather'd kin are not:
In that black deep which nature sears,
The eagle of a thousand years
 Yon lightning shaft hath smote.

SCENE IV.

THE WANDERER.

THE sun may break through storms, but it will be
As on that dull and solitary morn,
When he but glimmer'd o'er a sky and sea,
Ere yet the green earth from the deep was born,
Or the thick folds of night asunder torn,
To let the day-star beam upon the world—
That world, which now of every glory shorn,
Feels the great deeps above her beauty hurl'd,—
Vain is her shriek of death, now mercy's wing is
furl'd!

The thunder's roar, which bade the floods rejoice,
Is rock'd by silence in its hall asleep—
His torch is quench'd, and the wild glorious voice
Of the big rain has died upon the deep;
The clouds have risen, and with unbroken sweep,
They hang like mountains on their lurid way—
While silence seems a guard o'er all to keep,
As, from eternity, he had held sway
Over the mass of waves that 'neath his shadow lay.

The array of lightning, and the thunder's roll,
The whirlwinds rushing to their watery war—
All spoke of life—of glory—and the soul
Might rise sublimely with their fearful jar!
But, oh! the silence that now spread afar,
Appall'd far deeper than the sweeping blast;
No sound between the waters and each star;
The pang—the bitterness of death, was past,
And silence drank that groan which seem'd crea-
tion's last!

Lone as earth's wanderer whose arm of blood
Brought death into the world; with rapid flight
The raven swept the sky's black solitude;
Nought but the clouds and ocean met her sight!
Ah! where can now that weary one alight;
Earth's early glory lies beneath her sear—
A thousand barks roll with the breakers white—
A thousand galleys, but with none to steer—
Death stands on every deck, dark, desolate, and
drear.

The cold blast smites their wan cheek, and the breeze
Curls the long tresses on their foreheads pale;
The white spray, drifting from the whirling seas,
Muffles their features like a snowy veil!

And he that last and lonely one desried,
And drank her latest beam before it died;
And as her wan light tinged his faded cheek,
He gasp'd in silence, but he could not speak;
Then stretch'd his arms, and smote his brow of gloom,
As if in proud defiance of his doom—
As if he felt, though earth was in her pall,
That his free spirit would survive her fall!
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To choke the thoughts that thro' his bosom rush'd—
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A bolt hath smote him—o'er the waters spread
A wild convulsive hand—a gasping head—
A passing quiver—and a moment's light
Shot from despairing eyes—and all is night!
The pang has pass'd—the struggling murmur died,
And the pale victim floats along the tide!
With brow of gloom—his scowl of fix'd revenge,
Writ by the hand of death, it cannot change,

The vessels float—while the dark wanderer stood
And croak'd above the dead, lord of the solitude.

Cowering his wing, that melancholy bird

Sat like a spirit on a shatter'd prow;

He paused—no sound but winds and waves he heard,

The Ark was far away on ocean's brow—

He was alone 'mid dead creation now;

None waved the wing beside him—not a tone,

But Ruin shrieking the Eternal's vow,

Broke on his ear; yet still he drifted on,

Till o'er the glittering hills, the star of mercy shone!

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In blood he had grown gray!
But now the deluge was abroad;
Earth's million cities all were dumb—
From his dark cave, the voice of God
Had bade destruction come.

The thunder roll'd! and shook each hill
To his annihilating shout,
That seem'd to shiver earth, and spill
The germs of nature out;
Creation 'neath the whirlwind bow'd,
The wolf reel'd howling in the blast,
The eagle hung upon her cloud,
Scared as the lightning pass'd!

The world had nothing now but graves!
That hoary ranger of the sky,
Hung floating far above the waves,
And bent below his savage eye:
He saw the waters rise and spread
O'er nature fearfully and fast;
He saw the oaks swept from their bed,
By each tremendous blast.

Earth's olden cities met his view,
The storm was now their winding-sheet;
He saw their millions hurrying through
Each dark majestic street;
The moon was quench'd—day's glorious lamp
Seem'd in the desolation dead;
He saw Death, in his blackness, stamp
O'er pale creation's head.

Oh! that my ear could drink again
The voice of song—earth's early strain
Which rose from sea and shore,
Chanted by them of nature's prime,
The beautiful of earth's far time.

How silent is creation now
Since that wild day, when rush'd
Earth's millions to each mountain's brow,
Round which the ocean gush'd;
Ah! yet methinks I see them wave
Their arms on high, for me to save;
But soon their wail was hush'd—
I saw the yawning billows pass,
In thunder o'er each drowning mass!

Their dying shrieks long follow'd me,
I heard them rolling o'er—
The thunder, and the dashing sea
Which swept them from the shore;
The waves were thick that round me spread,
But not so thick as were the dead
Which the wild waters bore
With dreadful whirl around our bark;
I shudder'd when they struck our Ark!

I saw the mammoth's mighty form,
Drown'd in the choking blast—
Flinging apart the volumed storm,
As his strong spirit pass'd:
I saw the snake—whose giant length
Had often quell'd the lion's strength—
Far o'er the waters cast,
And rearing his dark crest on high,
Hang like a column in the sky!

It dawns—heaven's bow, from out the gloom,
In glory spans the sky;
Companions of my lonely doom,
Soon will you soar on high!
Yes, ye dark cleavers of the storm,
Soon will you stretch your chainless form,
Your prison time is by:
The blue vault is your sporting plain—
The clouds—the thrones—where ye may reign!

Still there is terror in the tone
Of this wide waste of waves;
For, oh! they yet are rolling on
Above ten million graves.

Come forth, my bird of hope again,
And spread thy white wings on the main,
No more the tempest raves:
Go! and may heaven direct thine eye
Where we may kneel to the Most High!

[Noah lets the dove away from the window of the Ark.]

Now fly, fair dove of promise, fly
Across the lifeless earth,
That swings beneath the starless sky,
As on its day of birth:
Like minister of mercy haste,
And sweep o'er dead creation's waste;
But, oh! return in mirth,
And bring some joyful sign with thee,
That earth was made for thee and me!

SCENE VI.

THE DOVE OF THE ARK.

“And the dove came in to him in the evening, and lo, in her mouth
was an olive leaf.”

AWAY—away! on chainless wing,
The dove bent her path on high;
The only bright and living thing
In all the boundless sky:
She seem'd alone, o'er the blue abyss,
Some winged messenger of bliss,
As she pass'd the dull clouds by;
Or the first pure soul of the human race,
Wending alone through the fields of space.

At last a scathed and lonely peak,
She eyed o'er the water's frown;
No living thing had e'er press'd its cheek,
Or bird round its breast had flown:
A thousand fathoms far below,
Had even been robed in eternal snow,
Ere the waves had wash'd it down;
Its peaks of stone, and its cliffs of ice,
Had answer'd alone to the hurricane's voice.

And what can that wandering bird find there?
No green—no lovely thing
E'er bloom'd on a spot so wild and bare,
And the deep no flowers can bring;
There's nothing but the sea-weed now,
And the ocean lashing yet its brow,
And the far wind murmuring,
And the ghastly wrecks of a world's decay—
That spot's not for thee, away—away!

But the dove was faint, and had wander'd far,
And she stoop'd from her cloudy path,
Where gleam'd that granite peak-like star
High o'er the waves beneath:
Above her hangs the broken sky,
Around her the spray of the waters fly
With the wailing moan of death—
While she, the only thing of life,
Sat gazing on nature's awful strife!

She gazed—no floweret met her sight,
And nought but the dead is seen;
The men of the sunk earth, cold and white,
Heaved up by the billows green—

They lay along the hem of the deep,
Thousands on thousands in ghastly sleep,
 With shrunk and fearful mien,
Beating the cliffs with sickening splash,
As the waves their terrible burden dash.

She look'd on this waste of life with awe,
 That lank and mouldering band;
Some in each other's embrace she saw,
 And some with clenched hand,
And lips apart, and starting eye,
Hair floating on the waters high;
 And some, on the flinty strand
Lay cold and pale, where no bird of prey
Could bear a part of their spoil away.

Some lay as gazing up to heaven,
 Some grasp'd the granite cold
With the same wild clench which they had given,
 When ocean above them roll'd;
And 'mid their horrible array,
The lion and the panther lay
 Smote in their craggy hold,
And o'er them all the deep sea surge
Kept singing its wild and unearthly dirge!

And she saw, in the grasp of a lovely maid,
A palm branch still in bloom,
Which the fair, in horror, had caught for aid,
In that wild hour of gloom:
The cold hand round the stem was spread—
The dove seized the flower, and on she sped
From that tremendous tomb:
The sun broke forth as away she flew,
To her home afar on the waters blue.

SCENE VII.

THE WATERS ASSUAGE.

“And on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.”

THE moon, arising from her cloudy grave,
Look'd with unbroken splendour on the wave—
Silent and melancholy o'er the flood,
Like the pale spirit of the earth she stood:
No echo rose around her—not a tone
Broke the blue vault, but ocean rolling on;
Beside her, many an orb its lustre shed;
Beneath her, earth lay desolate and dead,
Its green hills slowly rising from the deep,
Whose clouds again had gather'd into sleep!
Nought but the dark blue waters, and the sky,
A glorious desert broke upon the eye!
A living solitude—a thrilling waste,
Where God in grandest characters was traced:
That desert tone—that language of the wild,
Which lone creation sings to nature's child—

Heard through the deep-blue midnight, when the
moon

Rolls in her glory, at her highest noon;
Heard on the shoreless sea, and in the still,
Wild, lonely breathings of the pathless hill,
That music of the desert, which the whole
Of nature's wonders fling upon the soul.

Now, on yon mountain's pinnacles afar,
Lit by one bright and solitary star,
That like a cherub wanders from its throne;
To gaze upon a world so waste and lone,
So silent, yet so lovely—and the still,
Deep waters sleeping on each cloud-cap'd hill,
Appear the towers and battlements sublime,
Of some great city of creation's prime!
Oh! beautifully cold, through calm midnight,
They rise like spectres 'neath the queen of light,
Solemn, and lone, and mournful—not a sound,
But the dull flood that yet is rolling round:
Its shatter'd fragments echo through each hall,
Where thousands lately held life's carnival;
No murmur in the each deserted street,
But the wild rush of waters, hoarse and fleet,

Retreating to the sea with dreary moan,
And whirling fiercely round each pillar'd stone;
Each house holds death, but no inhabitant—
Nought but the skeleton, that, white and gaunt,
Shines 'mid the wreck, while through the slimy
bones

The billows shriek; and ocean's living ones—
The scaly revellers—rejoicing splash,
And o'er the palaces the waters dash.

How have the mighty pass'd—for ever gone—
Sunk like the wreck in ocean, and unknown!
Her streets are silent, and her halls are hush'd;
Her pillars and her palaces are crush'd,
Like playthings rear'd by children in the sand,
Beneath the might of the Eternal's hand;—
Years may roll on, and suns in glory shine,
They'll only nurse the weeds that clothe each shrine;
They cannot animate the festering heap,
The lifeless mass that slumbers in the deep;
No dirge above them in a world so still—
No sound from gather'd cloud or rising hill—
No murmur o'er their ashes, but the wave
Singing its requiem o'er creation's grave!

SCENE VIII.

THE DESCENT FROM THE ARK.

“ And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the Ark, thou and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy son's wives with thee.”

THE Ark majestically free,
With all its children rode
Sublimely on that mighty sea,
Beneath the bow of God,
Which o'er the heaving waters hung,
Whose harmony of beams was flung
In grandeur o'er the sky—
Where night had died, and storms were dumb,
And clouds had perish'd—all, save some
Lone ones that wander'd by.

Nature, though lifeless, yet looks gay,
Beneath a pall so still;
While the glad sunbeams sweetly play
Around each dreaming hill
That rises o'er the ocean green;
But nothing breaks the voiceless scene,

So beautiful, so blue,
The vistas through the sky are driven,
As if the very eyes of heaven
In light were looking through.

As yet no pinion broke the air,
Nought stirr'd the waters dark,
But fragments drifting here and there
Of many a perish'd bark:
High on their decks, where all was hush'd,
Death stood alone, while round him gush'd
The freshly breaking spray;
Now rolling from the hills, that heave
Their bosoms to the blush of eve,
✱ That kindles far away.

'Tis done; the Ark is on the shore,
The deep is backward driven;
Man sees destruction's empire o'er,
And earth embracing heaven.
Away—away! with joyful roar
The tiger seeks his wastes once more,
For the untrodden plain
The lion clears the drooping brakes,
And in his savage glory shakes
The terrors of his mane.

'Tis done; the kingly eagle springs
Once more into the sky,
The vulture on majestic wings
Floats in her darkness by;
A thousand other wanderers sweep
From their dull prison on the deep,
To reach the mountain's brow:
Through the live air their joyful notes,
And many a thrilling echo floats;—
Life seems triumphant now!

The bow of God in glory bends
O'er ocean's bosom dark;
While man, majestic man, descends
From the now stranded Ark,
High on the mountain's shining cone,
So wildly, beautifully lone,
Life's fair and varied whole,
Stand 'neath the calm and cloudless sky;
But from the rock's far summit, eye
A world without a soul!

SCENE IX.

NIMROD.

COMMAND sat on his forehead, yet he seem'd
Like the first murderer, though lord of earth
And all her infant cities; he had turn'd
The tools which wrought his greatness, to enslave
His freeborn brothers of the wilderness.

Far 'mid that ocean of stupendous hills,
And named the stony girdle of the world,
Like some rude skeleton of former days,
A waste volcano, with its ponderous jaws,
Stood gaping ghastly to the lifeless sky:
Its heat was gone—its bowels were burn'd out,
Eternal winter sat upon its brow,
Crown'd with the icicles of countless years;
'Twas there, that savage one long made his den,
He sought companionship with beasts of prey,
With men more wild he link'd himself, and made
The east familiar with his dreaded name;
Oft did he wander to that mountain's top,

And from its icy peak beheld afar
The fresh green world, and with a savage sigh
Pant o'er it, like the tiger o'er his prey;
His rocky dwelling was a fearful place!
The first snow blown by winter on the earth
Had linger'd there, until the deluge came
And suck'd the glaciers from their icy thrones;
There had the latest eagles perish'd, and
The last of human kind had climb'd, and made
Their dwellings there, until the mighty deep
Strangled the fair creation; and their bones,
Mix'd with the monsters of the desert, still
Bleach'd on the sharp cliffs of those frozen Alps.
The lion, and the tiger, and the pard,
Chased by the waters from their wastes of sand,
Had scaled the glittering battlements of snow;
Wilds, shadow'd only by the eagle's wing,
Had made their lair with the old birds of prey,
Cowering for shelter in the vulture's nest.

Death sat in mute and solitary pomp
On the swart wither'd crags, where the deep wave,
With its wild whirl, had swung the mighty bulk
Of the old mammoth, that for centuries

In stateliness had wander'd through the woods
The giant monarch of the waste; he lay
Beside the serpent, whose huge form—when swept
Along the billows in its dying pangs—
Look'd like a hissing pillar of the storm,
Writhing and curling o'er the face of heaven.
Nimrod beheld amid this ghastly wreck,
One who had been a monarch of old days!
Highest of all, his shroudless skeleton
Whiten'd upon the rocks, and near it gleam'd
The glittering ensigns of his vanish'd power:
For he had borne his sceptre and his crown,
To the last pinnacle of his domain;
And, like the vulture in her gory nest,
Perish'd the sovereign of his famish'd tribe,
Even with his gilded cap of diamonds on;
And as he backward fell, the hollow gold
Rung man's last knell athwart the sunless world!

The savage hunter saw the useless crown
Girding the skull of death, as if in mockery
Of frail ambition; long he stood, then stung
With thought of power, he seized the glittering gem
Which rattled wild with shrill and empty sound,

And she saw, in the grasp of a lovely maid,
A palm branch still in bloom,
Which the fair, in horror, had caught for aid,
In that wild hour of gloom:
The cold hand round the stem was spread—
The dove seized the flower, and on she sped
From that tremendous tomb:
The sun broke forth as away she flew,
To her home afar on the waters blue.

The savage prowler and his horde prevail'd,
And earth then own'd a conqueror and a lord!

He wander'd on, till where in glory rose
The first fair city of the earth, the great—
The mighty Babel, in her youthful strength;
'Twas night, but night in all her loveliness:
Bright gleam'd the city's splendour, beautiful
The infant star-lights, stealing from their clouds,
Gazed on her domes and pyramids of gold;
Sweet sung the breeze of night, as if to hush
Silence more sound upon her airy couch:
Rising, within her blue pavilion, came
The lonely moon with tearless eye, to watch
The young creation in the arms of sleep.
But Nimrod and his conquering hosts are nigh,
Death bids the silence of the eve depart,
And, with his thunder voice, commands the sons
Of Babel to receive a haughty lord!
Peace sinks beneath the iron grasp of war,
And the first hunter of the wilderness,
Stretch'd the first sceptre o'er the shackled earth,
And thunder'd in the astonish'd ears of men,
The first proud rights and titles of a king!

SCENE X.

CAIN

Expiring in a wild cave among the rocks of Caucasus; surrounded by his descendants. Time, Midnight: a Thunder Storm.

NAY, 'twas no dream that fired my brain,
Avaunt, nor scorn me now;
When was your sire, in all his pain,
E'er seen to shrink or bow?
O God! he came before my sight,
The same, all tenderness, all light,
As when beneath this hand
He sank; and I beheld the tide
Warm gushing from his panting side,
Run purple through the sand.

I saw his dim and closing eye,
Turn'd on me in despair;
And, oh! my soul, I heard his sigh
Come struggling through the air:
His yellow locks were clotted still,
His cheek was pale, his hand was chill,

Methought it felt like stone—
For, oh! his bony fingers press'd
My warm—my palpitating breast,
And thrill'd it to the bone!

And fixing then his ghastly gaze,
With blank and bloodless look,
As if in wrath, full on my face;
Methought the spectre shook
His gory locks, and said, with tone
Like the far thunder's hollow groan,
“Brother! we now are one:
The hand of God falls on thy head—
The wolf shall guard thy narrow bed,
Before to-morrow's sun.”

Think ye, this dark heart cannot melt,
When none have seen me pray?
On the wild mountains I have knelt,
From eve till rising day:
I've outwatch'd all the stars—I've thrown
My bosom on each flinty stone,
And cried unto my God
For mercy, but it never came;
And still I writhe, despair, and flame,
A blight beneath his rod!

Degraded by Seth's shepherd race,
I might have scourged their hate;
I made the rock my dwelling-place,
The spotted pard my mate:
But yet the blood that has been shed,
Rests not on this devoted head,
Though I have been accurs'd;—
This wither'd arm is free from death,
Since that wild frenzied deed of wrath,
My latest and my first.

Though Enoch's thousand towers are high,*
Our God is higher still;
And could I to your city fly,
To 'scape Jehovah's will?
No, let me on the mountain's breast,
In nature's wildness sink to rest,
Knell'd by the thunder's voice;
Amid yon lightning's fierce array,
My soul, methinks, would love to stray,
And o'er their wreck rejoice!

* The city of Enoch, built by the first-born of Cain, and the first city
or work of man on record.

As I have lived, so let me die,
Unfriended and alone;
For me be neither tear nor sigh,
My woes could conjure none:
On the bare rocks the murderer's grave
Shall have no dirge—no mourner, save
The vulture of the sky;—
For he amid his solitude,
Has long been deem'd a thing of blood,
A wanderer such as I.

Welcome, ye crags! on your blue height
Alone I've sat and cursed
The dreaming moon, whose sickly light
O'er my scathed forehead burst:
She suited not my soul—her ray
Recall'd too much of Eden's day;
The thunder-loaded gale
That split the glacier's crest, to me
Held kindred tone: then, fierce and free,
Red spirit chant my wail!

[The thunder is heard to roll without the cave.]

Yes: let the bolt which round me gleams,
The clouds that o'er me roll,

Now be the last—the only beams
To light my parting soul:
And if there be one shred of storm
In that far world, then let it form
A shroud for hearts like mine;
Yet even there I'd scorn to bow—
I've battled with his wrath ere now,
Whose glory is divine!

Hark! the vex'd clouds to shreds are rent:
Before the awful shaft—
The bolts of the Omnipotent;
Once, and I could have laugh'd
At the dread beauty of this night;
My heart was strong, mine eye-balls bright:
Ah! now their visions sink;
Yet come ye storms and herald me
Into your dark eternity,
Or blast me at its brink!

SCENE XI.

THE FOSSIL SKELETON OF THE MAMMOTH.

GIANT of perish'd worlds! again,

Thou meet'st the bright and beauteous sun,
But, ah! for thee his beams are vain—

Thy day of strength is done;
And yet thou art not gray with years,
Wreck of annihilated spheres!

Earth's old and dread inhabitant,

What earthquake smote thy mighty trunk?
The hand of the Omnipotent,

When thy wild kin were sunk,
Must then have launch'd the awful blast
Which o'er thee earth's foundations cast!—

For thou art not, huge skeleton,

A being of our infant day;
The scenes which thou didst gaze upon,
Have faded all away;
Thou'rt left—a link to bind our world
With systems to oblivion hurl'd.

The million things which lived with thee,
Lie many a thousand fathom down
In earth's dark centre, doom'd to be
Forgotten and unknown;
Time cannot strike his scythe so deep,
Or rouse them from their sunless sleep.

Long have the storms of centuries yell'd
O'er thee, old patriarch of the wood!
In stateliness thou long hast held
Possession of thy solitude:
The oldest pile, compared with thee,
An hour unto eternity!

Type of the spirit! thou hast slept
Safe, 'mid the ruins of a sphere:
Thy ancient beauty thou hast kept
Through many a darksome year;
And like the soul, thou laugh'st at time,
Lone dweller of creation's prime!

And there must have been beings, when
Thy system flourish'd fair and free;
Thy mighty earth's forgotten men,
Who reign'd o'er thine and thee!
If gifted with thy strength, they well
Might seem as gods before they fell.

Oh, were those chiefs of thy far age
Beset with all the ills of clay?
Did they drag on a pilgrimage,
And then like us decay?
Bound by each passion's fatal thrall,
Was death the bitter end of all?
Had they their joys, their hopes, their fears?
And was life's bud as soon as blown,
Water'd like ours with nought but tears,
Till by death overthrown?
Or did they live until the world
Above their giant bones was hurl'd?
Thou canst not answer; yet they live
Sublimely in another sphere;
God in his mercy would not give
Such forms to beings for a year!
Such strength—such glorious souls, to sink
When past creation's cloudy brink!
There is a day when they shall wing
Their journey upward from the clay,
Strong from their sleep of years, and fling
Their robes of dust away;
And rising brightly from their rest,
Heave ancient empires from their breast.

It was an awful moment, when
The Eternal smote thy rolling sphere;
When all its hosts of godlike men
Beneath the lightning's sheer,
With creatures terrible as thou,
Of mountain mould, were doom'd to bow!

When the red bolts of ruin flash'd
Tremendous on their path on high,
And in their hour of vengeance dash'd
Thy reeling planet from the sky—
Whirling its mountains in the wave,
And giving all that breathed a grave!

When the Almighty Spirit spoke,
At whose annihilating word
Earth reel'd as from an earthquake's shock,
And mingling with one wild accord,
Amid creation's dying din
Earth yawn'd, and suck'd the ocean in.

Thus through the amplitude of space
Those orbs that thickly stud the sky,
May perish like the human race,
And leave no vestige when they die;
Death may traverse the wastes of air,
And smite the beauteous wanderers there.

The One who kindled first the whole
Of those pure souls of night, may mar
And crush their spheres to dust, and roll
The waves of darkness o'er each star:
His fiat gave them life—his breath
Can shade them with the pall of death!

Yes, matter changes! worlds have sunk,
And ours to some mysterious plan
May change—when time her deeds have drunk,
When not a wreck is left of man
To tell, where, seasonless and wither'd,
The ashes of an orb are gather'd.

SCENE XII.

ENOCH.

“ And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.”
GENESIS.

ARRIVED upon the mountain's highest verge,
The angel met him, and his robes of clay,
Touch'd by the seraph, from the patriarch
Dissolved in ether, while the spirit stood
Pure as when God first made it; all around
Was solitude and sunshine, the high noon
Of a most glorious summer day;—his eye
That lately saw from off the airy cliffs
The lonely hills, the floods, and flowery banks
Of the broad Euphrates, now beheld
The green earth stretching on from shore to shore,
Its countless seas and oceans, like far lakes,
Sleeping within their mountain-beds, and calm,
And dim, and waveless with the distance; still
His eyeball stretching onward, saw the orbs
Roll round the bosom of the mighty sun;
And though on earth, yet with a spirit's ken,
Piercing around—above—beneath—he scann'd

The boundless desert of immensity—
 That vast and luminous universe of light—
 That fair infinitude—that measureless
 Ocean of wheeling systems, booming on
 In beauteous and in glorious harmony,
 Rejoicing in the greatness of their God.

Now, with his brother angel spreading wide
 His new-created pinions, poised he stood
 A moment on the earth, as if he felt
 A wish to bid his father's land farewell:
 He eyed the green and beauteous bowers, where
 dwelt

The hardy patriarchs on the river's side;
 He saw them sleeping in the noon-day beam,
 Each 'neath his canopy of blooming palms;
 He saw their flocks and herds in freedom stray
 Upon the sunny slopes; he gazed, and bade
 Farewell to Eden and his youthful kin,
 Then with exulting wave he ope'd his wings—
 Aloft—aloft! away the spirits flew,
 Brothers in immortality, through space.
 Eternity has clasp'd another child
 Whose beauty is undying.

SCENE XIII.

LUCIFER.

“How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.”—

ISAIAH.

THE clouds of wrath and glory blent,
Play'd round his swarthy face;
And save the great Omnipotent,
He seem'd the king of space!
Upon a sunless world he stood,
That wither'd in night's solitude;
Dark gloom'd upon his brow
The thunder-scars, which God had given
When he against the throne of heaven
Rebell'd, and scorn'd to bow.

Yet still he stood in grandeur there;
And from his haughty eye
Broke his dark soul in proud despair;
No groan of agony
From his curl'd lip in torture came:
Aloft he shook his arm of flame,
Against the beauteous sky,
And though his sun in night had set,
He seem'd a being fitted yet
To war with the Most High!

His cloudy wings in wrath are flung
O'er many an orb of light;
Like Death, the swarthy angel hung
Dim in the womb of night,
Heaving aloft his fiery plume
In all the majesty of gloom:
Towering in pride of place,
He seems, as high he whirls his spear,
A hurricane in wild career,
Darkening the half of space.

Yet monarch of his ghastly clime,
He felt a monarch's pride;
While standing in his wreck sublime,
With millions by his side,
He raised his arm in triumph proud—
Hell's muttering thunders roll'd aloud,
As from his dark abode
He bent his red, revengeful eye
In wrath, despair, and blasphemy,
Against the living God.

Ay, hurl me to oblivion;—smite
This yet unconquer'd heart;

I still defy thee, King of light,
Almighty as thou art;
Exult o'er them who with me fell,
I laugh to scorn thy threaten'd hell—
It cannot make me bow!
Here on this solitary world,
Though from my throne of glory hurl'd,
I stand a monarch now!

Smite! but thy all-destroying hand
This brow can never scathe—
Undying, I for ever stand:—
Go, send thy servant death,
And blast yon young star in the sky—
Its tribes are clay, and they may die;
But I will live to be
Thy foe, and in my darkest hour
Rejoice to think I have the power
To strive 'gainst thine and thee!

Welcome, ye shades of night! I come
A monarch fit to reign
O'er millions in thy blackest dome,
Who scorn the oppressor's chain.

Yes! the dark Thunderer of yon heaven,
May wing his lightning, red and living,
Vain is its sharpest lower;
Though launch'd from his Almighty hand,
Here, on the throne of hell I stand,
A king beyond his power.

Thus spoke the Arch-fiend: when on high
The awful voice of God
Bade the sharp lightning sheer the sky
Where the Apostate strode;
Down hiss'd the burning bolt—amain
The wither'd orb is rent in twain,
And prone the demon fell,
Down, down, like whirlwind, fierce and fast,
Until he found a grave at last,
Amid the waves of hell!

SCENE XIV.

THE DYING PATRIARCH.

A THOUSAND years of warmth and chill
O'er me at last have run;
Mine eyes are dim, yet would they still
Bid farewell to the sun:
Then, bear me to the mountain's crest,
That I may see him sink to rest
Before his glory's done—
That I may feel the rays he'll shed
Once more upon this aged head.

Ay, thou art beautiful, young star,
Thou glad'st this weary eye—
Thou'rt like thine own great God afar
Within his cloudless sky;
Oft in the infancy of days
Have I beheld thy early blaze,
And the glad seraphs fly
Thick as the orbs that gem the night,
Rejoicing in their happy flight!

The evening hymn of shepherds is heard among the mountains.]

Chant on, thou dweller of the hills!

Thou bring'st the perish'd time
Back on my heart, which wildly thrills

To hear thy notes sublime;
Yes, oft like thee our vanish'd race
Met on the mountain's flowery face,
Our evening song to chime—
To Him whose glory from yon cloud
To-morrow will but light my shroud.

Earth! thou art young, though I am old—

Youth sits on thy green brow:
Stars! ye are bright, though I am cold—

Death has not made ye bow;
I see you rising pure and still,
As rolls the day o'er yon far hill—

Ye come to lead me now,
Where bloom the first flowers of life's tree,
Those glorious giants nursed with me.

Oft have I heard, beneath your beam,
Man's earliest anthem rise,
From the green bowers of Eden's stream,
O'er faith's first sacrifice;

And I have seen, beneath your ray,
The first created eagles play
 Athwart the sleeping skies,
And the first lion's roam;—'tis o'er—
Such sights will charm these eyes no more!

How changed this day of death and tears
 From those far times, when strong
As eagle of a thousand years,
 I bore my crest along;
But it is meet that I should fail—
My fathers slumber in the vale,
 A brave and perish'd throng;
And I must rest me in the clay,
 Even like a child of yesterday!

Earth, fare thee well!—like two old friends,
 We now are loath to part;
Yet when my spirit re-ascends, ¶
 If still this feeble heart
Throb with one feeling true to me,
I'll often bend mine eye on thee,
 All-beauteous as thou art;
To love thee, then, cannot be sin,
A thousand years have made us kin.

This frame is earth's; then let it rot;
My soul shall spring o'er night—
Yon glorious sky, yon clouds that float
Around their king of light,
Will ope their golden folds—and I
Will fling my robe of centuries by,
And with a seraph's flight
Mount brightly upward from the clod,
Though doom'd to dust—a child of God!

END OF SCENES FROM THE FLOOD.

SONG.



FLOWER! thou art in decay:

 Thee will I send

To Julia, that she may

 Behold thine end;

And in thy dying hour,

 Thou'lt let her see

How beauty fades—a flower

 As frail as thee!

In thee, she'll read the doom

 Of all things gay,—

Of beauty, whose pale bloom

 Lives but a day.

Yet if the soul is pure,

 That blossom must

Revive—reloom—endure,

 When worlds are dust!

TO G. AND J. L.

THIS POEM OF THE TENTH PLAGUE,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL RETURN FOR THAT FIRM AND UNWEARIED FRIEND-

SHIP WHICH THE AUTHOR HAS LONG ENJOYED.

THE TENTH PLAGUE;

OR

THE FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT SMITTEN.

SINCE the Omnific word was heard through space,
Bidding life rush into the dark profound,
And shape our beauteous orb from out the waste
Immensity of matter that had slept,
Settled and silent since the first of days,
Two thousand years had pass'd: in which brief time,
Man had so multiplied and sinn'd, that none
But the few patriarchs on the mountains knew
And worshipp'd the Most High, who, from his
throne
Of glory, looking on the infant earth,
Repented he had made its faithless tribes,
Who laugh'd to scorn his statutes; till one hour—
One lovely hour, in a high summer's noon,

When nature hush'd, look'd as in pleasant dream
When all her millions on the green hills sang,
The Eternal ope'd the windows of the sky,
Tearing the barriers of the hoary deep:
He bade death, in his watery chariot, rush
And strangle the young world!

Such was heaven's love for man, that while the sea
Flash'd in its glory o'er the highest cliff,
The patriarch drifted in his ark secure,
Till the sun lit the waters, and the breeze
Fresh springing from his prison, bore the clouds
From off the green hills; and the bow of God
In glory spann'd the glittering vault, and bade
Man send the eagle to his rock, the herds
To their rich pasture, and the stately pard
Again to roam his deserts, while himself,
Lord of the universe, might kneel once more
Before Jehovah, 'neath a stormless sky!

Again the world was peopled, and again
Fell from its Maker; the first work of man,
The cloud-commanding Tower of Babylon,
Was built in proud defiance of the God

Whose wrath had smote their fathers: all was night,
That night which clouds the beauty of the soul—
All grovell'd in idolatry—all bow'd
To foul creations of distemper'd minds!
The Persian worshipping the sun, sought out
The earth's high places as the fittest dome,
Making the waste his fane, the hills his shrine,
And the blue sky his canopy, as most
Befitting, in their might, the star he worshipp'd:
Matching those mountain-domes in magnitude,
Tower'd the huge temples of the land of Nile.
Yet strange, the men whose mighty spirits plann'd,
Who hew'd their thoughts in such enduring forms,
Who rear'd such glorious monuments, and bade
The marble pillar cleave the passing cloud,
Shaping the rocks to statues, and the hills
To mystic pyramids—piled all those wonders,
Not for the worship of the living God,
But to such deities as reason shrunk
To think upon: the vilest things of earth
In those gigantic temples found a shrine!
Egypt, the mistress of the youthful world,
The college where her tribes in pilgrimage
Came to the fount of science—Egypt, proud

In arts and arms, bent down her golden head
Before the vilest reptiles of the earth;
God was not known! none worshipp'd the Most
High:

Her cities swarm'd with millions, but their hymns
Swell'd from their pillar'd temples not to heaven,
But to their ox-god Apis, or a host
Of loathsome insects!

Such her millions were,
When Israel's God, to free his chosen tribes,
And teach creation he was Lord of all,
Saved, on the oozy waves of Nile, the babe
Whose arm was yet to smite proud Pharaoh's land;
He call'd him from the Syrian hills, and clothed
The shepherd with his spirit, and by him
Such wonders wrought in Egypt's trembling vale,
As told the universe was his—that he
Had form'd the elements in their high power,
Mysterious spirits to obey his will:
His wrath first smote the glory of their clime,
And Egypt's river-god was turn'd to blood,
And ran a gory ocean, as if death
Had smote fair nature to the very heart;
Then o'er the loathsome things the buzzing hosts

Of swarming insects, making them a plague,
Which men had long made deities; the air
His ministers of storms, of hail, and fire;
Then on the earth was heard the voice of God,
Loud as when first it thunder'd on, and cleft
The marble ether, where as yet no star
Had been created, and with mighty power
Bade the crude elements awake to life,
And sleeping matter rouse its head, and roll
Into the glorious spirit of a world!
When the first wind, fire, hail, and sportive light,
Went dancing through the bosom of the dark;
Then on the earth was heard the voice of storm,
Loud as the first created blast that blew
The stern defeat of silence, when its wastes
Heard the first music of the mighty spheres.
Beneath the blight, proud Egypt's glory died;
And Famine, with his blue and wither'd lips,
Stalk'd with his brother Death athwart the land,
Breathing contagion on the tree of life!
Then o'er the rolling wonders of the sky
Those beauteous orbs in their high places, which
Might well be worshipp'd by the sons of men,
Jehovah stretch'd his everlasting arm,

Till chaos swathed the sun, and darkness froze
The living planets to the breast of heaven!

For three days man beheld no sun—no moon—
Nothing but dead annihilating night,
Sulphury and suffocating, thick and hot,
Closed densely over all the forms of life:
The ghastly multitude could only gasp
A stifled prayer for mercy—then they fell
Clenching their teeth in horrible despair;
And shutting their dim eyes, they lay and shriek'd
Like demons in the darkness of deep hell!
While far away, above the cities, rose
The scream of the free rangers of the sky,
Gasping and whirling down in dizziness
Amid the heavy clouds: the eagle sank
Strangled upon his airy pilgrimage;
Their feather'd idol, the fair Ebis, died—
His thousand temples, and his worshippers,
Could not preserve their shrieking deity;
The lion droop'd, his mighty heart was sick
With the thick withering atmosphere, which death
Roll'd round and round the suffocated land;
The stars were hid, and the free dancing wind,

That gladsome wanton of the universe,
Lay fetter'd in her cave; no piping breeze—
No zephyr wander'd forth—no tempest came
To ruffle up the pall of death, which choked
The rivers in their free and beauteous course;
The living cataract leaping from its hills,
In all the dread sublimity of power,
Hung on the mount's high perpendicular,
A frozen column—one huge mast of ice,
Stretching in marble solidness to heaven,
A mighty skeleton of glory past!
The sun to it was dead, and blackness froze
The spirit of the waters into stone,
Chaining it to the mountain; all its tones
Of grand and desert majesty were dead,
Its soul had perish'd, and it lifeless hung
A petrification in the sunless air;
While the blue eddy of the stream below,
Lay the dead image of the gulf of hell—
A frozen horror; but the fourth day came,
And with it came the sun, and life again
Awoke beneath his vivifying kiss!

Now came the last dread plague, which show'd the

Lord

Was not the God alone of storm and shade,
But of proud man himself—of life and death,
And all the dark mysterious fates below.

Thebes in her glory and her stateliness
Rear'd high her palaces and massy towers,
Works of earth's young creation, when the world
Had giants for her children, and for guests
The fair inhabitants of brighter stars—
Her wilderness of marble—her fair sea
Of swelling roofs and shining pinnacles—
Her domes, her pillars, and her monuments—
Her pyramids that mimic'd mountains—and
Her countless terraces o'erlaid with gold—
Her giant statues and her obelisks—
Her temples with their thousand columns—and
Her mountains chisel'd into beauteous forms,
Lifting their glittering heads, like fairy things
Made of the moon-lit clouds—so beautiful,
So wildly noble and fantastical,
Stretching away beneath the setting sun,
Far burning o'er the Lybian solitudes—
Looks like an ocean with its million waves,
Heaving in silence to the kiss of heaven,

So lonely in thy stateliness, so vast.
Oh may'st thou, Thebes, for aye in glory stand,
With nothing ruder round thee than yon heaven,
Like happy lover, with his eyes of bliss,
Gazing upon thy beauty!

The noon that usher'd in that eve of woe,
Was one of living glory;—on his throne,
High o'er the purple mountains stood the sun,
Like God above a new created world,
Smiling on all below; the stars as yet
Were in their cradles, and the silver moon
Slumber'd unseen within her airy hall.

In Egypt's thousand cities men were glad
To see an hour so beautiful repair
The wasted horrors of that fearful storm,
Which in its journey with its wing of fire,
And giant tread of thunder, had trod down
The proudest of their palaces, and left
The land a wilderness, and life a blank—
Shorn of its countless herds, and waving leagues
Of flowers and forests: round the pyramids
The hosts of Memphis, came again to hail
The beauteous minister of life and light.

And all is joy in Thebe's proud palaces:
The men of Israel, those for whom the land
Hath been made desolate, depart at last;
Hope points to happy days and starry nights,
Such as before had shed their glory and
Hung o'er their ancient capitals; their eyes
Already see in fancy all the waste
Black with the hosts of their departing foes;
No more shall their Jehovah smite their clime—
Mercy, with her pure tear, that flows for man,
Has quench'd the lightning in the hand of death.

Now from the closing curtains of the sky,
Day took his farewell of the darkening world,
When he, the man of God—the shepherd judge,
Moses, convened the elders of his tribes;
The sacrifice is ready, and the blood
Hallow'd and sprinkled, that the cloudy eye
Of the destroyer when he walks abroad,
May see the sign and keep his falchion sheath'd;
For at the hour of midnight, death shall wing
His solitary journey through the air,
And smite the first-born of all things that breathe,
From Pharaoh to the captive in his cell;

Then will be heard a cry—such as may rise
When earth's last millions, in their dreams of bliss,
Behold the coming of the Son of God.

Meantime the Eternal saw his people stand
For their departure, soon as rosy morn
Lifts the blue veil from Horeb's misty brow;
Then flash'd his eye far through those solitudes,
Where life ne'er leap'd before his quickening word,
But where the fragments of extinguish'd worlds,
Spectres of lifeless systems, roll along
In silence and oblivion; and he saw
Time on his throne, and Death the skeleton,
Walking athwart the universe of night,
Rayless and sullen, like a thunder-cloud
Far floating in the vacancy of heaven!
His burning foot fell heavy on the wrecks
Of orbs that stagger'd past him—ghastly forms,
Huge sunless masses of extinct creation,
Swinging in melancholy silence, black,
Enormous shadows of the perish'd past!
Time sat beside him in his frozen pomp,
His robes were tempests, and his shatter'd throne,
The rent head of a pillar which had been

Rear'd in the birth-day of the joyous sun,
The pedestal of some departed orb!
He sat, and from his cave, with wither'd lips,
Blew his cold mill-dew on the neighbouring worlds,
That lack'd their lustre when his icy breath
Crept o'er their shining bosoms.

Thus stood those hoary brothers, Death and Time,
In the dull realm of silence—when their God
Call'd on the gloomy monarch of the dead,
To execute his dark decrees on earth;
Death heard the summons, and with ghastly smile,
Gazed o'er the wastes of chaos—to the world,
Which, many a million million leagues away,
Swung in the glimmering sunbeams, while the voice
Of the Eternal echo'd thus through space:
“Death, in thy solitary gloom, go forth—
Go forth exulting, travelling in thy strength,
With all thy dread, and in thy icy arms
Clasp the proud millions of fair Egypt's clime;
For I have sworn, and who shall alter it,
That all the first-born of the land shall die;
Bestride thy steed of pestilence, and bare
My thunder-brand against them; for, to-night

A cry shall echo through their startled vales,
Such as was never heard before on earth!
But mark me, thou dark smiter—on thy path
Of havoc, let the men of Goshen live,
That they may worship me in their own bowers
Of peace and liberty.

Thus spoke the Eternal, and the grizzly king
Smiled ghastly, as he laced his falchion on,
And saw wan famine, with her meagre hand,
Lead his pale charger through the wastes of night.
The Eternal ceased—but still the echoes roll'd
O'er many a far and solitary world,
That burn'd in silence and in loveliness,
Like distant sentinels upon their watch
Over the deeps of chaos and old night.
Now rose the giant monarch of the grave,
In gloomy majesty and fearful pomp,
Wide spread his sable and tremendous wings,
Black as the night, and terrible they rose,
Like hovering thunder-clouds behind his form,
Which, like a far volcano, dimly blazed
O'er the thick breast of darkness;—high he shook
His blade of lightning, as with horrid smile,

He eyed the airy outlines of the earth,
Then, with a yell of savage joy and hate
That shook old chaos, the huge spectre sprang
On his pale steed, and with his motion rose,
Like a far storm, his murky wings, and spread
A moment's twilight o'er the stars of heaven—
Then on he swept to earth—space groan'd again,
And night look'd lovelier when her king had pass'd!

'Tis eve—and Thebes in all her glory lies
Beneath the dark frown of the living God—
Yet beautiful her hush'd magnificence
Towers through the marble bosom of the sky,
As if each ponderous temple long'd to kiss
The sick and melancholy moon, that comes
Walking from her pavilion in the clouds;
Beneath her mellow lustre those tall piles
Of earth's first giants, stretch'd in glory round,
Huge monuments of time's forgotten race,
Rear'd in the sunny morning of mankind,
When king's were shepherds, and the tiara beam'd
On brows where virtue bound it, ere the sword
Had made a despot in the beauteous earth—
Before the wild unbridled passions plough'd
Those earthquakes of the soul its glory up!

The heir of Egypt's countless capitals,
Now feasts the nobles of his land to-night;
Flush'd with success, for he has crush'd the power
Of liberty that dared to break her chain,
When the wrong'd people sought redress in arms!
Proud of his fame, he bids the feast arise:
A thousand of his lords—whose warrior crests
Had waved athwart the plains of Ind, when they
Follow'd their sovereign, and the Ganges drank
The blood of her fallen millions—grace the board;
His own young bride, the beauteous Zoe is there,
She and her first-born deck the carnival,
And at one board three heirs of Egypt smile.
But two shall never wear her diadem:
The father and his child, ere morn, will be
Ashes; yet they are happy, for the heart
But listens to the tale of love and hope,
For there Zoe sparkles in her youthful charms,
A form as brilliant and as fair as those
Who lured the seraphs in the olden time—
Who rear'd their altars on the sunny hills,
And made the angels their adorers; she
Was from the Chaldean land, where mankind first
Learn'd the bright language of the rolling stars;

Where rose the first proud city of the earth;
And where Jehovah sent confusion down
On his chaotic whirlwind, and dispersed
The vain idolaters, that thought to build
A pathway up to heaven, and from its orbs
Laugh o'er the ruin of another flood!

More wine! the banquet brightens, it is night,
Then pass in mirth her cloudy hours away;
Thus rings the shout, while, like a waving wood
Bowing beneath the sceptre of the storm,
A thousand heads are bent, when from the throne
The despot deigns to smile upon the feast.

In a high hall, like genii of the place,
Sat the young Pharaoh and his bride, beneath
A canopy of purple and of gold,
And o'er it, on a silver column, stood
Two gentle statues of Delight and Love,
With angel faces, and white spreading wings—
With laughing lips and youthful brow: they flung
One slender arm about each other's neck,
The other they held out with graceful curve,
And from their alabaster fingers dropp'd

Long purple drapery on the pair beneath;
They stood on tiptoe, as in act to fly,
And by their light position gently raised
The ample curtain into various folds,
Which, as they fell, gave forth a richer shade
To Zoe's high forehead and her smiling eye.

The mirth reigns high, while beauteous slaves
renew

The goblets with fresh wine; the sky may show
Her summer stars, but here are living eyes
That will outshine their lustre; heaving breasts,
Like little billows swelling 'neath the moon;
Necks, round whose polish'd brightness, sweetly
twine

Veins pure as April rainbows; raven locks,
In all the wild, rich luxury of love,
Playing round foreheads which in grace might seem
The very shrine for health to frolic on.
High sounds the revelry, the dancers wheel
In airy circle round the shining hall:
Tall beauteous forms, so light, so yielding, that
The eye might deem them beings of the sky,
Whose lightsome tread the evening clouds might
bear,

Yet float unbroken; wildly swell the harps,
While comes the music of the far-off lute,
As soft and gentle as the zephyr's song
Heard on the bosom of the sleeping rose.

Light as the breeze upon the waters, springs
A youthful slave with Zoe's first-born, to claim
The holy blessing of those ancient men,
Who, from the tower of Shinar, have conversed
With the undying wonders of the sky:
Now it is done—the magi bless the child,
Who smiles unconscious in its mother's arms:
Eve nursing her first-born in Paradise,
Look'd not more beautiful than Zoe, who bends
To kiss her sinless child.

Night sinks in icy coldness round the world,
Starless and dead, as if the breath of God
Again would blow the lamps of nature out,
And let creation stagger in the dark!
Yet they are happy; but they little dream
Of the destroyer that has gone abroad,
And, vulture-like, hangs hovering o'er his prey.

Ay, it is night; but terrible and black
She rises o'er the Theban palaces,
Black as when first she fill'd the caves of space,
Before one star roll'd sparkling from her womb!
Ay, it is night; but, lo! an orb appears,
Looking from out the curtains of the dark,
Like angry spirit sent from heaven, to speak
Of wrath against mankind. Oh! 'mid the clouds,
Yon is a lonely and a fearful star,
Wading like death amid the blackness, and
Lonely and flickering as the infant beam
Of the first orb that bounded o'er the deep
Of old unbridled chaos!

All eyes beheld that meteor as it flash'd
Above the city, and the wise men came
To read yon dreadful messenger in heaven!
Now they con o'er their sacred prayers—those spells
Which tell the secrets of another world;
Ay, ye may gaze on heaven, but gaze in vain,
Ye cannot read the vengeance graven there;
And though familiar with the page of night,
Ye know nought of yon fearful visitant,
That from his blank and misty temple, laughs

At all your boasted knowledge: look again,
And see, if, on his red and lowering brow
That stands unshaken 'mid the rushing clouds,
Ye can discover aught but ruin; yes,
The seal is set, the eternal oath has went,
Cradled in thunder, from the throne of God,
On the blue wings of midnight, down to death,
Who has already laced his quiver on,
Stored with hell's lightning, ruinous and sharp!
Robed in the wrath of the Most High, he comes
Down to the earth, black on his meagre steed,
That gallops through the chambers of the blast,
Wild as the night-storm rushing o'er the deep,
When morning looks upon a thousand wrecks!

Still faintly rose the music of the feast,
As if to keep hope fetter'd to his post;
That ghastly meteor still above them burn'd,
And shed its horrid twilight o'er their board,
While the great marble pillars stood aloft,
Like the dim spectres of the place, and threw
Their dusky shadows o'er the revelers,
Who tried in vain to fling their terror off.
Oh! 'twas more fearful to behold this hall,

With all its death-like splendour, trembling guests
Who sat like corpses glaring on each other
With dull dilated eye and moveless lip,
Than the black desert, where the sound of life
Hath never startled silence from her sleep!

Meantime, far journeying from his realms of
 night,
Death swept the dread immensity of space,
By dim and dead annihilated worlds!
Old systems, which his arm of old had smote,
Whose sunless fragments, and disjointed forms,
In thunder roll'd around him—and by stars,
Which he durst not o'ershadow with his wing,
Nor shake his dart above them—for they beam'd
Pure and unspotted in the smile of God,
At last alighted on earth's heavy clouds:
Aloft the giant like a mountain stood—
A mountain of tall flame, whose sulphury crest
Illumes a continent;—beside him came
The shrivel'd form of Pestilence, and yok'd
The bony charger to his car of fire!
Death, vaulting with a shout of triumph, stood
Dim in its flaming concave, and with hand

Of lightning, shook his scorpion whip, and lash'd
His meagre courser round the reeling world!

And now was heard a cry upon the earth,
Such as was never wafted up to heaven—
No, not that last convulsive groan of life,
When mankind, huddled in one drowning mass,
Shriek'd their wild prayers for mercy up to God,
High o'er the rattling thunder of the flood,
Could match this horrid cry! In all his gloom,
Death was abroad, and through the murky air
He drove his chariot, while his mighty wings
Veil'd, as he pass'd, a third part of the stars!
The cry still rose, and deepen'd o'er the land,
Wild and uncheck'd; from Pharaoh's couch it pass'd
Onward, increasing in its agony—
Onward still, gathering echoes of despair!
The men of Goshen heard that fearful cry
Sweep o'er their hills like thunder in the night;
They heard it—and their hearts with rapture burn'd;
For they could see the angel of the Lord,
Cloth'd in his robes of mercy, with his shield
Turn'd against Death, amid the darkness stand
To break his venom'd shafts that hiss'd around,
Or throw them harmless at the spectre's feet.

Death now a moment stood omnipotent,
While Egypt sank beneath his cloudy foot,
Which stamp'd her proudest bosoms to the dust.
In every house his ministers were seen:
They stood and yell'd above their drooping prey—
The bride expired even in her lover's arms—
The bridegroom kneeling at the nuptial shrine—
The judge—the honour'd captains of the host—
The chiefs of promise, and the men of power;
And in his grated dungeon sank the slave,
Death cut his fetters, and, with joyful voice,
Bade his free spirit be herself again;
And she who ground behind the mill; and he
Who watch'd his flock upon the mountains—and
Jocund of heart, play'd on his rural pipe
Some simple strain—such as in early days
Was heard among the shepherds of the hill.

The fairest in the land of Egypt fell:
That which was brought forth in the strength of
love—
The first-born of all flesh—the goodly ones—
The youthful bosoms—and the laughing brows—
The lightsome hearts—the beautiful—the brave—

Sank in that dark annihilating hour!
This moment, Egypt stood in stately strength
Strong in her countless millions: it is past.
She lacks full many a thousand gallant hearts,
Whose blood ran bounding but a moment since!
All ashes, for her men of might—all dust
And desolation, for her beautiful:
Wild work;—that Death, with his destroying arm,
Should level millions in one moment down!
But God commanded, and unsheath'd the blade
That fell with awful sheer upon mankind:
And the Omnipotent can uncreate
What he created once, and mould and change
The form of nature, by that potent word,
At sound of which the black chaotic mass
Roll'd into life, and leap'd into a world.

While Death was travelling in his strength—
the night
His thick pavilion—while he darkly breathed
Contagion from his wither'd lips on man—
The bright throng in the banquet-hall beheld
Their proudest sink. In vain the Pharaohs frown'd;
The music ceas'd, and terror froze each heart,

As on a summer's noon, when peace and smiles
Sit on the brow of nature; and mankind,
Gather'd for some gay festival, should see
The flowery mountains, with their leagues of wood,
Waving in the blue wilderness, go down
Beneath the thunder of an earthquake's tread;
Or the old dwellers of the world, when first
They saw the fountains of the mighty deep
Ope'd on the earth, and the despised Ark,
Floating in glory past them, heeding not
Their cries for mercy:—not more wildly look'd
Those men on hope departing, than the guests
Now eyed each other, when the shaft of fate
Smote the first victim at their sparkling board.

Death, with his sceptre, rules the Pharaohs now;
They tremble in their palace; and the seers,
Who, from the Chaldeans' cloud-commanding tower,
Have learn'd, from off the stars, the fate of kings,
Shudder to gaze upon the sky; for there
They say the Hebrews' God in thunder walks
Along the rolling billows of the dark;
And from his cloudy tabernacle breathes
Destruction on life's tree, while passing by.

Now, mercy, heaven!—even in its mother's arms
The babe has perish'd—ha! its father's eye
Is glazing into shadow, and his brow
Is cold and damp—his brain begins to reel—
And, oh! his heart is sick—he feels the shock
Which hurls his country's glory in the dust!
His thought is wandering—and his manly lip
Quivers, and bloodless is his cheek; he feels
The death-thirst and the agony—the pain,
That awful whirlwind of each sense—when parts
The soul and body;—now he fondly clasps
The love of his young hopes—they clung together
Silent but fondly—looking living thoughts
With their fix'd glassy eyes. The warrior now
Is reeling in the giddy hands of death;
Yet he is happy on affection's breast,
Mourn'd by the virgin of his heart—he dies.
Better to perish thus, than fall alone;
To pour the soul out in the arms of love,
And, with our latest feeling, hear the sound
Of our last parting echo'd by kind lips—
To feel the thrilling pressure of the hand,
That has a language when our speeches fail,
And tells us, with its mute and moving grasp,

Though pass'd into the land of shadows—yet
We shall not wither from the minds of all.

Death now was standing darkly in the hall:
All eyes beheld him; and his swarthy hand
Had smote their proudest! Had you seen the look—
The maddening look, which Zoe flung on her lord:
Her heart—her soul spoke in that parting glance;
With one white arm around his manly neck—
Their faded lips still clinging in a kiss!
They lay together on their couch of gold,
Like innocence asleep beside despair!
Their babe lay lifeless near them: like the glance
With which Eve saw her murder'd son, Zoe look'd
Upon her youthful sovereign, as he lay,
Fair as the first of human mould stretch'd out
On the green lap of Paradise, ere God
Breathed life into his beautiful design.

O Love! thou seraph of celestial birth,
This world were but a wilderness of woe,
Without the magic lustre of thine eye—
The soul a desert, if without thy ray,
To glimmer o'er its stormy barrenness:

Oh! thou wert lovely, when on summer eves
Thou roam'st with Zoe, and with her warrior lord;
But not more strong nor beautiful than now,
When standing in thy strength beside thine own
Fair fading spirits, whose dim eyes still look
With all the fondness of those perish'd hours—
When they in lightsomeness of heart, with hopes
Fresh as the morning, in their glory stray'd
Along the pillar'd banks of Nilus, when
The stars were all abroad, and the great moon
Walk'd glazing o'er the blue and glittering peaks
Of the far-shining mountains—beautiful
As heaven's bright wonders smiling o'er their head.
But all these dear delusions now are past!
Beneath the wrath of an offended God,
They perish in the spring-time of their hopes;
In that sweet hour of promise, when the heart
Looks with a glad and trusting eye, for years
Of happiness and love;—alas! for them,
The brave—the beautiful—with their first-born
Doom'd to the sepulchre—yet o'er their grave
Man needs not write an epitaph, or pile
A pyramid to shield their ashes. Death,
With ghastly arm, has mow'd an empire down,
And heap'd its ruin for their monument!

In the proud palace madness raved, and hope
Had long since wither'd, while the fiendish cry
Of wild despair rung through the vaulted roofs!
Apart sat sullen majesty, not now
Deck'd on his golden throne, but in a niche,
Lost in the gloom, old Pharaoh sat, with chin
Bent on his clenched hand; his silver locks
Unfilleted! Alone the despot sat,
Gazing upon his lifeless children, cold,
And like a flower-bed levell'd by the storm.
Beauty and youth lay ashes round him!—now,
In vain his pale lip gasp'd his high commands,
To light the thousand torches in his hall;
For they had perish'd in the desolation,
And night beset the spacious galleries.
The slaves went reeling to the lamps of gold,
But sank expiring, while the blackness drank
Each flickering light, which, in the quenching gloom,
Gave but a moment's feeble hiss and died.

The harp-strings and the lute, the voice of song,
And all the thrilling witcheries of love,
Were mute in the high places—silence reign'd,
Dull as the shadow in her pyramids,

Through Egypt's busy marts! Hopeless and wild
Man hurried to and fro, or stood alone
Sullen and silently with look of hate
Or desperation, sat him down and died!
As on that morn, when the Archangel's trump
Shall peal from out eternity, and start
Earth's millions from their graves—when he shall
stand

High o'er the wither'd stars, and darkly flash
Abroad his red magnificence, and doom
Creation to expire—so seem'd this hour,
The last of nature's mighty agony!
Life look'd as if design'd a prey for death,
Her blossoms fell so thick and witheringly.

There were two captives in a dungeon, barr'd
From light and liberty—two youthful hearts
Form'd only for the gentle ties of love:
He was a dweller of the mountains, one
With goodly aspect, and with form as large
As the old giants of renown, those men
Who walk'd in glory, ere the infant earth
Was strangled by the waters; and his bride
Was all the eye could wish for excellence

Of beauty. Theirs was not like common love,
But like love in the infancy of days,
When hearts were innocent and bosoms pure,
And peace on earth was fraught with heaven's own
fire;

They fed their flocks in the same sunny vale,
And follow'd that free task, for princes then
Deem'd it no shadowing of their royal name
To rank themselves with shepherds of the hill.

And they had loved from infancy—that flame
Which virtue kindled in his virgin's breast,
Was strengthen'd by the links of gratitude.
Once in the dazzling heat of noon, when shone
The star of autumn on the jocund world,
Young Zillah sitting 'mid her snowy flock,
Lull'd by the sickly sunshine of the sky,
Sank in the airy vacancies of sleep:
And while she dream'd her pleasant cares away,
A poison'd snake, enliven'd by the warmth
That drizzling fell upon the panting earth,
Crawl'd, hissing onward, through the velvet grass,
And wreath'd itself around her shining arm.
Her shepherd was not there, else the foul worm

Had perish'd in his ire. Still Zillah slept
Until the reptile stung her: then she waked,
Her shriek soon brought her faithful guardian near:
He, with an eye of horror, saw the wound
Fresh as the morning rose distil its dew.
He crush'd the flying viper—then he suck'd
The deadly drops from her unspotted veins,
And thus he won her by a double faith.

Long had they lived in happiness, till came
The storm of civil discord, and o'erthrew
Their early bowers of innocence and love.
Driven by the tyranny of Egypt's king,
To change the crook-staff for the battle-brand,
Rising like giants from unhonour'd sleep,
The shepherds of the desert met their foes—
But ah! the strife was vain: o'erpower'd they fell,
As falls the forest 'neath a storm of fire,
Never to flourish more.

Of that brave brotherhood of patriots, some
Pined in the dungeon, and this youthful pair—
He for his valour—for her beauty she—
Were singled out, as fitting spirits for

A tyrant's vengeance; but in this wild hour
Death snapp'd the bands that held their freeborn
souls!

No one was by them when they died; though night
And Pharaoh's battlements debarr'd their eyes
From gazing on the beautiful, yet they
Were busy with the past, and saw again
The mountains of their childhood, and they felt,
While hovering o'er the latest wave of time,
The early pleasures of their faded hopes
Float brightly back through sorrow and through
tears,

Like summer showers, along their burning brain;
And in each other's arms, when none beheld,
They perish'd laughing at a despot's power—
With pinions chainless as the morning, sprung
To regions where the spirit trembles not
Before its titled brother of the dust!

Death flung his arrows farther than the Nile;
Where aught of Egypt breathed, the first-born
died;
Her ships, like sea-birds wandering o'er the deep,
Felt death arrest them in their stateliness,

Of lightning, shook his scorpion whip, and lash'd
His meagre courser round the reeling world!

And now was heard a cry upon the earth,
Such as was never wafted up to heaven—
No, not that last convulsive groan of life,
When mankind, huddled in one drowning mass,
Shriek'd their wild prayers for mercy up to God,
High o'er the rattling thunder of the flood,
Could match this horrid cry! In all his gloom,
Death was abroad, and through the murky air
He drove his chariot, while his mighty wings
Veil'd, as he pass'd, a third part of the stars!
The cry still rose, and deepen'd o'er the land,
Wild and uncheck'd; from Pharaoh's couch it pass'd
Onward, increasing in its agony—
Onward still, gathering echoes of despair!
The men of Goshen heard that fearful cry
Sweep o'er their hills like thunder in the night;
They heard it—and their hearts with rapture burn'd;
For they could see the angel of the Lord,
Cloth'd in his robes of mercy, with his shield
Turn'd against Death, amid the darkness stand
To break his venom'd shafts that hiss'd around,
Or throw them harmless at the spectre's feet.

Death now a moment stood omnipotent,
While Egypt sank beneath his cloudy foot,
Which stamp'd her proudest bosoms to the dust.
In every house his ministers were seen:
They stood and yell'd above their drooping prey—
The bride expired even in her lover's arms—
The bridegroom kneeling at the nuptial shrine—
The judge—the honour'd captains of the host—
The chiefs of promise, and the men of power;
And in his grated dungeon sank the slave,
Death cut his fetters, and, with joyful voice,
Bade his free spirit be herself again;
And she who ground behind the mill; and he
Who watch'd his flock upon the mountains—and
Jocund of heart, play'd on his rural pipe
Some simple strain—such as in early days
Was heard among the shepherds of the hill.

The fairest in the land of Egypt fell:
That which was brought forth in the strength of
love—
The first-born of all flesh—the goodly ones—
The youthful bosoms—and the laughing brows—
The lightsome hearts—the beautiful—the brave—

Sank in that dark annihilating hour!
This moment, Egypt stood in stately strength
Strong in her countless millions: it is past.
She lacks full many a thousand gallant hearts,
Whose blood ran bounding but a moment since!
All ashes, for her men of might—all dust
And desolation, for her beautiful:
Wild work;—that Death, with his destroying arm,
Should level millions in one moment down!
But God commanded, and unsheath'd the blade
That fell with awful sheer upon mankind:
And the Omnipotent can uncreate
What he created once, and mould and change
The form of nature, by that potent word,
At sound of which the black chaotic mass
Roll'd into life, and leap'd into a world.

While Death was travelling in his strength—
the night
His thick pavilion—while he darkly breathed
Contagion from his wither'd lips on man—
The bright throng in the banquet-hall beheld
Their proudest sink. In vain the Pharaohs frown'd;
The music ceas'd, and terror froze each heart,

As on a summer's noon, when peace and smiles
Sit on the brow of nature; and mankind,
Gather'd for some gay festival, should see
The flowery mountains, with their leagues of wood,
Waving in the blue wilderness, go down
Beneath the thunder of an earthquake's tread;
Or the old dwellers of the world, when first
They saw the fountains of the mighty deep
Ope'd on the earth, and the despised Ark,
Floating in glory past them, heeding not
Their cries for mercy:—not more wildly look'd
Those men on hope departing, than the guests
Now eyed each other, when the shaft of fate
Smote the first victim at their sparkling board.

Death, with his sceptre, rules the Pharaohs now;
They tremble in their palace; and the seers,
Who, from the Chaldeans' cloud-commanding tower,
Have learn'd, from off the stars, the fate of kings,
Shudder to gaze upon the sky; for there
They say the Hebrews' God in thunder walks
Along the rolling billows of the dark;
And from his cloudy tabernacle breathes
Destruction on life's tree, while passing by.

Now, mercy, heaven!—even in its mother's arms
The babe has perish'd—ha! its father's eye
Is glazing into shadow, and his brow
Is cold and damp—his brain begins to reel—
And, oh! his heart is sick—he feels the shock
Which hurls his country's glory in the dust!
His thought is wandering—and his manly lip
Quivers, and bloodless is his cheek; he feels
The death-thirst and the agony—the pain,
That awful whirlwind of each sense—when parts
The soul and body;—now he fondly clasps
The love of his young hopes—they clung together
Silent but fondly—looking living thoughts
With their fix'd glassy eyes. The warrior now
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They lay together on their couch of gold,
Like innocence asleep beside despair!
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Upon her youthful sovereign, as he lay,
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On the green lap of Paradise, ere God
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Without the magic lustre of thine eye—
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To glimmer o'er its stormy barrenness:

Then, in their beauty, such as when they sang
O'er cradled nature, all the morning stars
Burst from the dark, and walk'd in glory o'er
The calm blue ocean of a cloudless sky;
While from her azure temple came the moon,
Fresh in her beauty, but her silver smile
Fell only on an empire of the dead.

Death now had pass'd o'er Egypt, and his wing
Shrouded her noblest spirits;—that wild scene
Is but the prologue to another day,
More dread—more awful—and decisive still—
When He whose robes the storms are, and the stars
His ministers of glory, shall command
Death to arise, and with his breath of night
Quench the pale sun; then 'mid the crash of spheres
The spectre's self shall perish, while mankind
Mounting the sky, will view the fated earth
In all the majesty of solitude,
Swinging in lifeless beauty, till is heard
The sentence pealing from the throne of heaven,
Which bids the ocean of imprison'd fire
Roll, and engulf within its sulphury womb,
Time, and his monument the extinct world!

Now sank the heart of Pharaoh; and the hosts
of Israel sought the wilderness, their guide
He who bestrides the chargers of the storm,
And holds the rudder of ten thousand worlds,
Swathed in the darkness of the night by day;
At eve, robed with the sun, Jehovah led
His chosen through the desert, and sent Death
Down with his brother Chaos to divide
The black waves of the deep; a pathway form'd,
The armies of the Highest reach'd its brink.
High rose the rocky shore, abrupt and vast;
Mined by the sea, whose billows in their play
Had flung the wrecks of many a stately ship
To rot upon the rude shelves of the cliffs.
Below, to dim and utter boundlessness
The blue waves spread in beauty, till the eye
Saw the far limits of creation end
With the dull main, that seem'd to lose itself
Amid the shoreless solitude of heaven.

Such was the scene—its whole inhabitant
The shivering sea-mew, like a speck of white,
Perch'd on the rocks, like spirit of the place,
Shaking the ocean surges from its wing—

Such was the scene that met the journeying hosts,
When day was dying on the western hills.

They paused—they droop'd—till each despairing
eye

Beheld the Lord of glory in his cloud,
Hanging above the waters 'mid the dark.

The sun expired, while an unearthly light,
His parting spirit dim and rayless, stood

Amid the gathering clouds;—the eye of death,
From their black folds, look'd ghastly on the world,

And his pale hand is stretch'd from out the gloom,
Ready to cut the fetters of the sea.

Rejoicing march the hosts of Israel—high,
Like everlasting pinnacles of ice,

The gather'd waters shine above their head,
Lit by the bright magnificence of God

That journeys with them; the blue sky is hid
With the o'er-arching ocean. Wild and far

On came their fierce pursuers; but the voice
Of the Eternal bade old Chaos smite

The liquid battlements, like mountains rush
The rolling billows back, while Death upraised

His yell of triumph, as with giant sweep
He swung the whirling ocean round and round,

And led its blue deeps in their greatness o'er
The millions of proud Egypt. Israel saw,
When broke the morning o'er the pyramids,
The mighty fallen—their oppressors dead.
Loud rose their song—ten million voices sang
Glory and honour to the living God!
Far swept the music o'er the wilderness:
A mighty people's voice rose up to heaven;
And Mercy, hovering in the silent sky,
Bent down to listen to the joyful hymn,
And spread her white wings o'er the kneeling tribes.

END OF TENTH PLAGUE.

And their chief spirits perish! There was one—
One stately vessel, like the ocean's queen;
She bounded gayly, and her crew were glad:
The sky was cloudless, and the living wave
Roll'd boundless and alone, in all its strength
Of calm sublimity—the crew were glad,
For they were drifting to their native land;
Kind hearts, and laughing eyes, and gentle brows,
There waited them in beauty—not a breeze
But whisper'd music round the dancing prow.
The night went down, and with her cloak of clouds
Mantled the sunny world; as yet, no stars
Lifted their silver eyeballs on the sea,
But all was gloom and silence—when, O heaven!
Death lays his icy hand upon each heart
Of that devoted galley, and they felt
The sickening pang of parting, and the chill
Of the quick-beating bosom, which young hope
Had fired in happiness an hour before!
Each brain is reeling dim and dizzily—
Each burning tongue cleaves black, and swollen,
and dry,
To the hot roofs of parch'd and panting throats:
They could not speak, but the fix'd glassy orb

Reveal'd the passions of the struggling soul,
And the wild broken gasp of strong despair,
Heaving its writhing limbs in agony,
And terrible in death; at last they sink,
And side by side, all pale and motionless,
Each with his sabre gleaming, and his hands
Clench'd in the last convulsions of the heart,
They drifted on beneath the broad blue heaven,
A band of swart and fearful skeletons!
Long roll'd she o'er the ocean—the dark sign
Of death upon the waters—not a bark
E'er cross'd her on her voiceless pilgrimage;
And o'er her hung, however calm the sky,
A dull black cloud, for ever seen to sail
Companion lone of the companionless—
The sable banner of the hosts of death.
Years pass'd away, still on the blue abyss,
Like spectre of the floods, that galley roll'd
Voiceless and manless, drifting o'er the deep,
Death for her steersman, and the chalky bones
Melting amid the spray, the only crew
That checker'd her dull deck, where rank and green
Sprung the fresh sea-weed, which got nourishment
From the blue surges, which the shark in wrath

Dash'd there in his wild springs to reach the dead!
Long roll'd she o'er the ocean, and at last
Her frame fell piece-meal in the azure flood,
Decaying 'mid the thick and oozy waves,
Till dull oblivion, with his wing of storms,
Scatter'd her fragments, and the silent sea
Bore not one trace of that devoted bark!

Now had the dark, destroying angel smote
The first-born of all living things, and still
Grasping with naked arm the wrath of heaven—
The fiery terrors of Omnipotence—
Onward he swept, and flung them o'er the earth,
Wasteful, and wild, and withering; nature sank
And deeply groan'd from all her million hearts;
Long were the shrieks that mounted through the
night:
Oh! 'twas an awful spirit-rending tone,
To hear the cry of a great empire pass
Through the dead womb of midnight; there were
none
But wept above the death-bed of a friend,
And there were screams of wildest agony,
Heart-breaking looks, and farewell sighs of pain;

For the flag of their country, fair and free,
Stream'd from the mast on the evening air,
And they, like the warriors of the sea,
In the storm of fight had nail'd it there;
And around them were their faithful kin,
With the broken brands of the perish'd brave;
And their foes were all entomb'd within
The deep, deep vaults of the wave.

They smiled, as with last and writhing strain,
They raised their heads from the bloody deck,
And pointed across the freshening main,
Where drifted the shreds of their foemen's wreck;
Then they fix'd their eyes on the setting day,
With a wave of their feeble hand—
They gave their last and their wild huzza,
And died for their fathers' land.

He whirl'd, and whirl'd, till on the mountains' tops,
Night heard the echo of his dying scream;
And the old vulture dozing in her nest,
Like lonely despot clotted o'er with blood,
Amid the white bones of a thousand birds,
Which his keen beak had smote in other days,
Died—and the caverns of the pathless hills
Heard not the rustle of his journeying forth,
Nor his returning pinions on the blast;
But universal silence, such as watch'd
Creation on her birth-day, sat again
On the green mountains;—nature made a pause:
Her herds were dead or motionless, and fear
Fell on all hearts, and turn'd their blood to stone!

By this, the sky had changed its pitchy robe
To one of hail and tempest; and the vault
Where sleeps the hurricane, was torn in twain,
While the red giant walk'd sublimely forth:
Earth trembled 'neath his voice, which wildly sung
The only dirge above the perish'd; fierce
Leap'd the live lightnings from their prison'd cloud,
Like angry spirits, or the shining host
Of angels charging for the throne of God,

Against the king of night; while, through high
heaven,

Loud as the bolt which yet is doom'd to crush
The universe to atoms, roll'd the storm;
And the all-shaking thunder rattling ran
Along the mountain-ridges of the blast,
Cutting the glacier from its rocks, which crush'd
The shrieking waters of the Nile to mist!
It seem'd that Death was not yet satisfied
With his wild war on life, intended next
To crack the trembling vast rotundity
Of the scarr'd earth, and with his breath of fire
Scatter her fragments through the night of space.

Meantime the Eternal, sitting on his throne,
Beheld Death hovering on the wing of night,
Like a great vulture o'er the groaning world.
" Silence, ye thunders!—thou destroyer roll
My chariot to the armoury of heaven;—
It ne'er shall flash o'er earth, till on that day
When thou shalt die beneath its flaming wheels!"
Thus spoke the Omnific word, and death obey'd,
Calling his gloomy ministers of wrath
From their far missions, who, swath'd round with fire,
Fled howling to his empire of despair.

Then, in their beauty, such as when they sang
O'er cradled nature, all the morning stars
Burst from the dark, and walk'd in glory o'er
The calm blue ocean of a cloudless sky;
While from her azure temple came the moon,
Fresh in her beauty, but her silver smile
Fell only on an empire of the dead.

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of Israel sought the wilderness, their guide
He who bestrides the chargers of the storm,
And holds the rudder of ten thousand worlds,
Swathed in the darkness of the night by day;
At eve, robed with the sun, Jehovah led
His chosen through the desert, and sent Death
Down with his brother Chaos to divide
The black waves of the deep; a pathway form'd,
The armies of the Highest reach'd its brink.
High rose the rocky shore, abrupt and vast;
Mined by the sea, whose billows in their play
Had flung the wrecks of many a stately ship
To rot upon the rude shelves of the cliffs.
Below, to dim and utter boundlessness
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Saw the far limits of creation end
With the dull main, that seem'd to lose itself
Amid the shoreless solitude of heaven.

Such was the scene—its whole inhabitant
The shivering sea-mew, like a speck of white,
Perch'd on the rocks, like spirit of the place,
Shaking the ocean surges from its wing—

BOADICEA

In the midst of her chiefs, before drinking the-poison, in a wild cave in Wales; in the centre of which, is a huge circle of stones—a rude altar to Odin the god of war. Before it, some broken swords and human skulls, as emblems of battle—the delight of their favourite god.

'Tis finish'd, let us gaily quaff
Death's last and bitter cup,
And o'er the brim exulting laugh,
Not fear to drink it up;
Ere sets yon night-star, we will be
Beyond the invader's chain;
Then chant the hymn of liberty,
Strike, Druids, strike that strain!

[The Druids or Bards strike their harps.]

And we shall see from yon far sky,
The lovely hills of home;
There, no invaders will be nigh—
No slavish hosts of Rome;
But we will hunt the bounding stag,
Till twilight's sleepy shadows fall,
And when the chase begins to lag,
We'll feast in Odin's hall.

The Roman nymphs in dreams may see
Those youths which cheer'd their hours gone by;
Oh, that they were but here! and we
Would show them where their lovers lie;
We've smote them, as the tempest smites
The staggering galley on the waves,
And in a thousand bloody fights,
We've proved we were not slaves.

Then let them come—they still will find,
Though fallen, that we yet are free:
They've conquer'd earth, but cannot bind
The hearts of liberty.
We've lived where dwells the eagle, and
Upon the mountain's heathy brow,
Devoted for our father's land,
We stand to perish now.

The lone moon wanders o'er the peaks
Of yon snow-mantled height,
The raven screams, the owlet shrieks
Our last dirge through the night:
Star of the glorious midnight! thou
Hast seen our flags victorious fly,
Hast heard us pledge, and keep our vow—
Unfetter'd thus to die.

Odin! thy shrines, thy chosen ones,
Have to the land of spirits pass'd,
And nothing but these sapless bones—
And we are left at last;
Ye voiceless fragments of the dead—

[Addressing the bones]

Cold relics of the firm and true—
The nameless and the perished,
We light this pile to you!

[Firing the Altar.]

Our Fathers! now I see ye sail
Upon yon far and billowy clouds—
I hear your voices on the gale:
We come to you, but not in shrouds;
Each, for his last and dying vest,
Is mantled with a warrior's garb;
We die with steel upon our breast,
And leaning on our javelins' barb!

Bright wanderers of the spirit's clime!
Come on your clouds of darkness, come,
And hear us bid farewell to time,
Before our lips are dumb:

Death! this last cup we drink to thee—

Rise, Monarch! in thy ghastly charms,

[Drinks the poison,]

And waft our souls, that still are free,

Into our fathers' arms!

BRUTUS AND THE SPIRIT.

DIM as the wan and melancholy light
Of the broad moon, seen on a winter's night,
When o'er the deep her red and rayless form
Looks ghastly through the curtains of the storm,—
The shadow rose before the patriot's eye,
Distinct, yet shapeless, dim and loweringly—
Its breast envelop'd in a warrior's shroud—
Its pale, cold brow seen through a sullen cloud,
Like meteor follow'd by some wandering bark,
Beam of the sleepless, wading through the dark!
Life seem'd as frozen in its eye-balls' glare,
Its cheek was bloodless and its arm was bare,
Bony, and white, and cold—and from afar,
Through its dim form, gleam'd many a distant star.
The godlike Roman saw the phantom stand, -
Like the usurper of his bleeding land; .
It lower'd upon him—but he felt no thrill,
Virtue will shrink not at the sight of ill;
His spirit was not form'd to tremble now.
With calm serenity of eye and brow,
The friend of man address'd his visitant:
“What art thou?”—but the spectre grim and gaunt,

Lower'd on the hero, and with hollow tone,
Like night-wind loaded with the thunder's groan,
His voice came startling, as the tempest's shock,
From ashy lips that moved not as he spoke:
"I am thy evil genius—and again
We'll meet at Philippi; farewell till then!"
The Roman heard unmov'd, and boldly said,
"I'll meet thee there;" but ere the words had sped
From his firm lip, the phantom form had fled,
As flies some cloud of night upon the breeze,
Chased by the day-star o'er the dusky seas.
His fatal word the fiend remember'd well—
They met at Philippi—the patriot fell—
Death freed his spirit, but o'erthrew and chain'd
A groaning world, whose fetters long remain'd.
The despots met, and in their hours of mirth,
Each chose his portion of the shackled earth:*
While freedom's tears in secret long were shed
O'er her last patriot in his lowly bed—
And o'er the virtue and the peace of Rome,
That wither'd with his ashes in the tomb.

* The meeting of the three despots, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius, on the small island in the Lavinus, when they divided the Roman world.

SONNET.—SUMMER NIGHT.

Oh, 'tis a lovely hour, when in the west
The golden-footed day begins to sleep,
And throw his fading rays across the breast
Of the broad mountain and the silent deep—
When one lone star seems from its bower to peep,
Like guardian angel of the world—and now
Fluttering like happy cherub in delight
On the pure clouds that wreath creation's brow!
'Tis beautiful to see the heaven so bright,
And earth, like lover, gazing in its face,
While day stands on the threshold of old night,
As if in rapture at their calm embrace,
With plume of glory blazing in the sky,
No tear of sorrow in his laughing eye.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

His banner broad is the sable shroud;

His breath is the blast of the plague-struck air;

His robe the earthquake's thundery cloud,

When his arm lays the earth's foundations bare;

His music creation's eternal wail,

As he gallops along on his charger pale!

The world beneath his withering tread,

Reels as he wanders to and fro;

His eyes are restless comets, that shed

On man their curses of sorrow and woe:

This moment, life's tree in its beauty is fair,

As he passeth he breathes, and its branches are bare.

Time maketh the brass and the granite old,

Time stealeth the grace of the world away;

But Death comes after, gloomy and cold,

And rides alone o'er nature's decay:

His wing o'er creation a twilight darts,

And his crown is a wreath of withering hearts!

SONNET.—THE NIGHT STORM.

'Tis night—and on the mountain's purple breast,
Driven by the blast, careering wild and free,
The storm-chased moon-beams find no place to rest,
But perish far away upon the sea:
The tempest is on ocean, and has caught
His giant waves, and swung them to the sky,
With all its living glory fiercely fraught!
The long, loud thunder walks sublimely by;
Confusion keeps his carnival on high,
And darkness sits upon the throne of night,
Black as the time ere nature's beauteous eye
Flash'd on the sunless waters, or the light
Of one star lit the sable canopy,
And deck'd creation in her garments bright!

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

THE flowers are fair that smile on thee,
Thou solitary tomb!
The tears of night in purity,
Descend to bid them bloom;
But ah! what summer dew can make
The life return that's fled,
Or what bright morning e'er shall wake
The cold, forgotten dead!

The broad sky o'er thee stretches gray,
Around are mountains lone and dun,
The desert widening far away,
Looks blankly to the sun;
And silence guards thy holy spot,
No living thing is seen,
And where's the sweet forget-me-not,
To keep thy ashes green?

Shrouded in dullest solitude,
Thy tenant long hath slept;

.

The secrets of the ocean's flood
Are not more closely kept,
Than is the weary pilgrimage
Of him who rests below:
Oblivion's hand has shut the page,
Of all his joy and woe!

The streams that from their mountains rush,
When summer suns have scorch'd the green,
Though then their waves no longer gush,
Their former track is seen;
But, ah! the tide of life that wends
Beneath each passion's fitful wind,
When in the grave's dark sea it ends,
Leaves not one trace behind.

Perchance, the one whose nameless rest
Is here so lone and deep,
Was by a selfish world oppress'd,
And could do nought but weep:
Then slumber on, thou injured one!
Soft be thy pillow on the wild;
The grave can calm the bosom lone,
And soothe misfortune's child.

.

No more thou'lt weep, or brood again
On sorrows that have stung thee once,
Nor feel the pleasure and the pain,
Of hope's delusive glance;
Nor mourn o'er joys long weeded up,
Which stung thee with their early fall,
For thou hast drank the bitter cup,
Which fate hands round to all!

THE ARAB.

A PATRIARCHAL chief—stern nature's child,
Born for the desert, with a heart as wild;
The awful silence of the solitude
Tinctured his spirit with a gloomy mood,
And the gray shrines with no inhabitant
The cities of the dead, which were his haunt;
Those mouldering heaps that look'd as placed by
time,
To tell creation had gone past her prime,
Gave to his brow and restless eye a shade—
A gather'd and a holy gloom, which made
Him seem a lonely being of the past—
Dweller of desolation; the red blast
Seem'd meet companion for the gloomy mind
That rarely held communion with his kind.
Friends he had few: the waste—his sharp jereed—
His loaded quiver, and his noble steed—
The hissing shafts of his unerring bow—
His scimitar, that never spared a foe—
These were the kin that ope'd the path to sway,

Whose edicts all were tutor'd to obey.
His wealth, his palace, wheresoe'er he went,
Was the wild palm, his camel, and his tent.
True to his creed, and in his plunder just,
Kind to the stranger, who had proved his trust,
Drank of his milk, and shared his crust of bread,
But dreadful when against the foe he sped:
He sought no quarter in the hour of strife,
And rarely 'scaped his vanquish'd foe with life.
His greatest pride, that blow whose strength could
deal

Havoc at once, and leave no other tale.
Nature ne'er bade him shed the holy tear
Above a fallen warrior's lowly bier;
He knew nought of the melting mood, that tells
The heart to spare a foe whom valour quells:
He lived alone—fought, slew, or spared at will;
To him the wilderness was open still.
Empires might change their monarchs, cities fall—
He saw the desert, and he knew his all;
He felt no change in his dominions rude—
He met no despot in the solitude.
If there no shrines were built for him—the sky
The waste, the storm, the sunshine, bless'd his eye;

And they were temples where he still could trace
The same great Spirit worshipp'd by his race:
In the far sands he saw his mighty form,
And heard his whisper in the thunder-storm.
And if no columns tower'd for him sublime,
There fell no cities 'neath the arm of time.
If kneeling thousands rear'd for him no throne,
Still he was monarch o'er himself alone;
No one to give him laws—no one to change
The everlasting wilds where he did range,
Which still slept on amid the changing earth,
Still as the morn which saw creation's birth,
Though time had wander'd on six thousand years,
And sow'd creation's fallow brow with tears!
Yet, like the galley on the pathless deep,
Whose track has vanish'd when the ripples sleep,
Or like the meteor travelling through the night,
He left no foot-prints there to mark his flight;
Oblivion follow'd him in dark array,
And silence brush'd each transient trace away.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

PROUD monarch of a chainless race,
No more thou'lt rear thy form,
And towering in thy pride of place,
Ride o'er the rolling storm!
The shaft hath shorn thy lofty crest,
Thine eye is rayless, and thy breast
Life's streams no longer warm;
No more thou'lt range thy fields of air,
And smite the proudest pinion there!

Oft hast thou swept the tempest dark,
And sported in his frown,
High o'er the rent and hopeless bark,
That reel'd in thunder down;
While round thee, through the shrieking air,
Roll'd the wild cries of strong despair,
Ere life's last spark had flown;
And thou hast pass'd thy lone domain,
To feast upon the battle plain.

But now no more thou'lt wing the blast,
Waked by the thunder's voice,
- And thy dim, wandering shadow cast,
On thy far cliffs of ice,
Where withers many a skeleton
In solitude around thy throne;
No more wilt thou rejoice,
As with thy mighty pinions spread,
Thou whoop'st above thy prostrate dead.

Thy kingly head thou now hast bow'd,
Bird of the fearless wing!
Whose dwelling-place was in the cloud,
Beside no living thing;
Thou, that didst wanton in the blast,
And o'er its wrath sublimely pass'd,
Thy wing is withering;
Stern warrior of the pathless sky!
Thy day of glory now is by.

Yes, thou hast fallen! no more to sway
Thy empire blue and lone,
Or travel the long track of day,
Thou strong, thou mighty one!

On the black mountain's misty brow,

Thy eyry is deserted now,

Thy famish'd brood are gone—

They died, when thou wert far away—

Thou couldst not waft to them the prey.

Thou shouldst have laid thy weary form

On some cliff's craggy verge,

Where the wild music of the storm

Might chant thy latest dirge—

Thy caverns shouldst have heard thy yell,

Thy wildest and thy last farewell,

Roll'd o'er the tempest's surge,

And the red spirit of the blast

Shriek'd thy fierce requiem at the last.

SONNET.—AUTUMN NOON.

'Tis noon; and silence, from his mansion still,
A dreamy guard o'er nature seems to keep;
And the lone, weary clouds o'er each far hill
Seem stealing through the sunshine into sleep;
The mountains, like dim azure islands, lie
Amid a sea of glory, and the trees
Look 'graven on the beautiful blue sky,
Scarce kiss'd, so lazy is the wandering breeze!
There is a murmur from the far-off seas—
A music o'er the streamlet gliding nigh,
Dreaming amid the sunshine; not a tone
Comes from the feather'd tribes—the only one
That seems to reign in this luxuriant hour,
Is the wild, amorous bee, carousing on each flower.

THE INDIAN ARMY BEFORE THE TEMPLE
OF DENDERA.

The Indian Army, on its march from Keenath to join the forces under Lord Hutchinson, stopped all at once, and performed the devotion of their fathers in these temples; their resemblance were so strong to the shrines in their own beautiful and distant land.—*Vide Travels in Egypt.*

THEIR march was o'er those wastes of sand,
Where dwells the lone simoom,
And far away, their fathers' land
Had groves of richer bloom:
They heard the music of those hours,
When life's calm pathway lay through flowers.

But many a weary league away,
The Ganges roll'd his waves;
And there their scenes of childhood lay,
There bloom'd their fathers' graves:
Space dims not memory's eagle eye,
O'er waste and wave her glance can fly!

Yet now they tread a lovely clime,
Where liberty had birth,
That blossom'd ere the lips of time
Blew mildew on the earth;

And the huge piles of man's far day,
Rise, giant-like, upon their way.

Night came with many a dancing star,
And beam'd on Egypt's stream;
And oh! their thoughts are wandering far,
In many a fairy dream:
The voice of Ganges call'd them back,
O'er childhood's fair and flowery track.

Those temples of the nameless dead,
Where silence drank no tone,
Around each longing spirit shed
The balm of ages gone;
Each pillar nursed the songs which stole
From other lands, across each soul!

Twice twenty thousand, yet they felt
As but one heart within them burn'd,
As by those fallen shrines they knelt,
And their rapt eyeballs turn'd
To the dim gods that lower'd around:
They chant—'tis India breathes the sound.

'Twas not in reverence to the past,
For which full many a heart might thrill;
'Twas not that tower and temple vast,
Rose round them in an hour so still:
No, 'twas the spell of home that brought
Fire to each wild and wandering thought!

Those awful wrecks of earth's far time,
The forms that once had hallow'd prayer,
Breathed of their own delicious clime,
The gods they worshipp'd there:
Long vanish'd dreams came back again,
Like sunshine o'er each weary brain.

A thousand leagues, the burning waste,
Were lost in that impassion'd hour,
As with the spirit's eye they traced
Their own paternal bower:
Oh that the vision's bliss could last—
But soon they wept—it dimm'd—it pass'd!

SONNET.—THE WINTER'S EVE.

FAR in the west the clouds are gather'd, and
The sun exults behind them, while his rays
Shower'd like a burning cataract on the land,
Are darting downward with unsullied blaze;
No little cloud, lit through the ether, strays,
But all seems petrified to marble, fix'd
In the blue vault, while the o'er-spreading haze
Longs with the brighter streaks of gold to mix
The savage blast careering wild and free—
Brushes the plumage from old nature's crown,
Who sits in sullen, mute despondency,
Eyeing stern winter with indignant frown,
Who from his hills stalks with majestic grace,
And howls defiance in her fallow face.

THE CHALDEAN'S ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

How beautiful the summer sun goes down
Beyond the mountains, while in the blue east
The stars are lifting high their unveil'd heads
In solitary glory; not a cloud
Floats now between the green earth and the orbs
That gaze upon her beauty; while the vault
Looks like a passage for the airy feet
Of souls, that wish at times to visit earth;
Silence is dreaming o'er the universe,
Lulling the pulse of nature! Such a night,
Methinks, descended on the infant world,
When twilight first prepared her starry bed
To rest the young sun on his journey—nights
So calm and beautiful—when God and man
Walk'd side by side upon the flowery slope
Of the green hills of Paradise. The moon
Now rolls in glory o'er the highest heaven;
The mountains shine beneath her vestal fire,
Eternal towers of adamant, which seem
Lost in the moonshine, and whose heads are white

With the first snow blown from the lips of time.
Oh, I could wish for wings, to flee away
To yon calm, shining orbs, and be at rest;
They look so like the bowers our God has made,
To shield the lonely and the broken heart!
How often have my fathers, from your brows,
Read the dread fate of empires—yet ye beam
Still in your bright, undying loveliness,
When they are ashes!—and your fires will shine,
When we and our cloud-mingling tower are not;
Ay, ye will smile and look upon our graves—
But not in pity, for your silver eyes
Ne'er shed one tear above the fall of man:
We breathe, and die by millions—but ye stand,
In your high halls, unshaken,—death has not
Pass'd his swart hand across your glorious brows!

Now hath the day died on the waters, and
The long night cometh, when no man can work;
Yet earth is not alone: Ye still are there,
In all your living beauty—time hath not
Made you, ye stars! like man, dim and forsaken;
But ye burn on, amid your clouds, undying,
And changeless roll for ever on your path,

Rejoicing in His strength who made you thus!
Oh, ye are glorious and unfading lamps,
Far burning, in your palaces of blue,
Above the temples of the snowy hills!
Ye are the only tapers that should light
The solitary world, at such an hour
Of silence and of glory; beauteous stars!
Ye look not old, though you have beam'd on man
These many thousand years; but with the smile
Ye gave to nature at her hour of birth,
Ye still appear, above the rent creation!
Ye are not made of such things as we see,
Else years had crept upon you; but are like
The Eternal One, who kindled first your fires,
And hung them out, to guide the soul through space!
Now ye are looking calmly in the blue
Of the tall icy mountains, whose white scalps—
Those glaciers, which have hung like frozen worlds,
Held by the hand of winter in the clouds,
Since time's far birth-day—ay, ye still look down,
Lights of the Almighty One! in all your strength,
Your everlasting glory. It is strange—
Yet I have felt it often in such hours—
That nights like this, can, with a magic spell,

Recall life's happy moments that are past:
Sure there are spirits in particular things,
Which, with their viewless voices, speak to us,
And, link by link, re-wind the chain of time
Around our dreaming senses, till the brain,
Drunk with the dear delusion, sees once more
Its early visions!—yes, it must be so.
If all were blank—a lifeless nothingness
Beyond the grave—if dim oblivion stood
Ready to clasp the spirit in her arms,
Then would the heart be barren as the dust
From which its shell is form'd; but we must live—
Death's parting is not much—a moment's gloom—
A gentle sleep—a little summer slumber
Amid the travel of a weary day;
And we shall wake, if spirits lie not—ay,
And mount yon far and spangled sky, which oft
In the deep midnight I have gazed upon,
When all her beauteous lights were brightly hung
Above the mountains.

THE FIRST STAR.

God spoke, and from eternal sleep,
Clad in the sparkling robes of light,
A world rose bounding from the deep
Of uncreated night;
Upward it sprung in youthful grace—
Upward through regions waste and lone,
The first inhabitant of space—
Child of the Mighty One!
The seraphs saw the fair unknown
Come shining on its sunless road,
And gazed with holy wonder on
The holy star of God.

Onward it roll'd—the waves of night,
Like troubled ocean, vast and far,
Rush'd back before the glorious light
Of that unspotted star;
And chaos shriek'd in all his pride
Of storm and darkness, when he felt
A world torn from his rugged side,
And saw his clouds to sunshine melt!

As yet, was neither time nor death
To dim the beauteous stranger's way,
No fiend to blow his poisonous breath
Athwart his cloudless day.

Around—above—beneath, expand
The matter for a million stars,
Ready to leap, at God's command,
Into their glittering cars:
It boom'd—it reach'd its destin'd place,
And hung all loveliness and lone,
'Mid the infinitude of space,
To storms and shade unknown—
A beautiful, a deathless light,
The earliest wonder of the sky,
Seen rising o'er the deeps of night,
As if to charm each angel's eye;

Who, from their various wanderings,
Came journeying in their joy afar,
And resting on their spangled wings,
Hung o'er the infant star:
As round its flowery breast they bent,
Their anthems swept the waste along,
Then first throughout the firmament,
Was heard the voice of song.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

SISTER! is this an hour for sleep—

Should slumber mar a daughter's prayer,
When drinks her father, on the deep,
Death's chalice in despair?

Though I have rested in the grave,
Long with oblivion's ghastly crowd,
Yet the wild tempest on the wave,
Hath roused me from my shroud!

'Tis but a few short days, since he,
Our father, left his native land,
And I was there—when by the sea
Ye wept, and grasp'd each parting hand:
I hover'd o'er you, when alone
The farewell thrill'd each wounded heart—
The breeze then raised its warning tone,
And bade the ship depart!

I saw the bark in sunshine quit
Our own romantic shore;

Thou heard'st the tempest—it hath smit
The proudest, now no more:
Amid the ocean's solitude,
Unseen, I trode its armed deck,
And watch'd our father, when he stood
In battle and in wreck.

But stronger than a spirit's arm,
Is his who measures out the sky—
Who rides upon the vollied storm,
When it comes sweeping by.
The tempest came—I saw it burst,
Like death upon the ocean's sleep;
The warriors nobly strove at first,
But perish'd in the deep.

High floating on the riven storm,
I hover'd o'er the staggering bark—
O God! I saw our father's form
Sink reeling in the dark!
I hung above the crew, and drank
Their wild, their last convulsive prayer—
One thunder roll—then down they sank,
And all was blackness there!

Our father strove in vain to brave
The hurricane in all its wrath,
My airy foot was on the wave,
That quench'd his latest breath:
I smoothed the sea's tremendous brim,
The fearful moment that he died,
And spread a calmer couch for him
Than those who perish'd by his side.

The wild waves flung by giant death
Above that lone, that struggling crew,
Shrunk backward, when my viewless breath
Came o'er their bosoms blue:
I saw beneath the lightning's frown,
Our sire upon the billows roll,
But smote the fiery tempest down,
And clasp'd his shrinking soul.

Then, hand in hand we journey'd on,
Far—far above the whirlwind's roar,
And laugh'd at death, the skeleton,
Who could not scathe us more!
Around, the stars in beauty flung
Their pure, their never-dying light,
Lamps by the Eternal's fiat hung
To guide the spirit's flight.

SONG.

COME, strike thy angel harp again,
 Bid love's luxuriant measures roll,
And play me such another strain,
 As that which won my youthful soul!
Life's gather'd twilight will depart,
 And I shall feel love's cloudless morn
Break, as it once broke round this heart,
 Ere one fond flower reveal'd its thorn.

Then, strike the chord, and let me hear
 The sunny music of the past—
That love's first calm and golden year
 Its radiance round my brain may cast;
And though my youthful blood be chill,
 Spill not thy virgin tears with mine;
Come to this wounded bosom—still
 Its wild, its broken heart is thine.

THE DYING CONVICT.

His bed was the rank weeds of the wild,
His pall a thunder shower;
No other covering misfortune's child
Could find in his dying hour:
He lay beside the hem of the sea,
Like weed flung from its wave;
No friend of his early youth had he
To dig at last his grave!

The setting sun flung a sickly ray
From a black and broken cloud,
And faintly tinged, ere it died away,
That lone one in his shroud.
Yet, that beam of glory came from the west—
From the sky of his own fair clime;
It waken'd a voice, long hush'd in his breast,
An echo unwasted by time.

He lay, with bright and feverish glance
Fix'd on that glowing sky;

And a thousand burning thoughts at once
Flash'd full on memory's eye:
These magic scenes of the faded past,
Ere his heart was allied to shame,
Or crime, with its serpent folds, had cast
A blot on his wither'd name.

As the dreams of his early days came back,
He gazed on the western sky,
Where stretch'd a bright and glorious track,
When a smile lit up his eye;
As if hope sung in his loneliness,
As now on the eve to spring,
That yon track was a path to realms of bliss
For his spirit's weary wing.

Yet, ere he died, the cold blue night
Arose on the water's brim;
And many a star-lit, calm and bright,
Shed its lonely beam on him!
And he turn'd his cold and faded face
To eternity's far page,
To that volume of unending space,
That grows not old with age.

He turn'd and gazed o'er the deep afar,
 'Mid its vault so blue and lone—
He saw that bright and lovely star,
 Which oft he had call'd his own;
When, with boyhood's glee in his fathers' land,
 He walk'd at the hush of even,
And felt his burning heart expand
 With the glory flung from heaven:

And he fondly thought of his little cot—
 Of the flowers which there had sprung—
Of many a sweet forget-me-not,
 That bloom'd when his years were young—
That shrine where his bounding soul had nursed
 Feelings that cannot die,
The bosom's wildest, warmest, first,
 When the heart is constancy.

Then marvel not that he loved it well,
 'Mid sorrow and despair;
And if there's a shore where spirits dwell,
 That lone one will love it there.
Now his eyes have closed in death's long eclipse,
 And clench'd is his nerveless hand;

But the latest curve of his ashy lips
Breathed the name of his native land.

To soothe us in vain, when our spirits sink,
May Hope, with her fairy visions, come—
The dearest sight which the soul can drink,
At the hour of death, is the sight of home—
With all its bright eyes dimm'd with tears,
Bending in woe o'er our lowly bed,
And the lovely plants of our boyhood years
Shedding their perfume around our head.

SONNET.—WINTER NOON.

CREATION's locks are thin and hoary—while
The sun stands proudly with his flag unfurl'd,
Looking on dying nature with a smile,
Like Time, that laughs o'er the decaying world.
Athwart the bosom of the voiceless sky
The clouds stand group'd in many a savage heap;
Between them, vistas, like far valleys lie,
Hush'd in the lonely solitude of sleep;
O'er all, the sunbeams in their glory keep
A beacon 'mid that wild and alpine waste
Of floating seas and mountains—broad and deep
They stand in shadowy grandeur, as if placed
Amid the twilight of the sky, to be
The torch of nature and eternity.

THE STRANDED WHALE.

KING of the frozen deep!

Hast thou sought out a calmer sphere to die,
And left thy old and icy birth-place, where
The sun ne'er woo'd the glacier on the cliffs
Of thy dark dwelling—couldst thou not breathe out
Thy long existence of a thousand years,
Where kindred things might cheer thee, and the
winds,

The howling blasts that nursed thee, and has lull'd
Thy mighty heart to slumber, with their songs
Of desolation! Thou hast wander'd long
Through thy cold empire of eternal ice;
And thou, perchance, hast seen the frozen wreck
Chain'd on the billows, and her hardy crew
Glued to the lifeless deck—and thou hast dash'd,
As if in mockery, at thy weak foe,
The freezing spray into his bloodless face!
And thou hast roll'd the monarch of the deep,
Proud in thy giant strength, flinging in scorn
The trembling waters from thy glassy sides,
Dashing and diving in thy fearful play—

Down, down, amid thy chambers, mighty one,
Thy wrath has lash'd the ocean to a storm,
Hurling the floating palaces of man,
Like bubbles, to destruction!—ay, dread thing,
Though thou hast ruled the sea, ah! now thou find'st
A waveless tomb for thy huge skeleton,
In regions where thy sway was never known:
The deep, with his blue floods, that cradled thee—
The storms that bore thee on thy rolling course—
Should, at the last, have made thy sepulchre!
Thy vast remains are not akin to earth,
Trode only by the feet of pigmy man:
The little things that breed and moulder there,
Are not companions for a king like thee!
But the great dwellers of the mighty deep—
The squally tempests—and the thunder's roar
That charm'd thee in thy childhood—and the caves
Brush'd only by the wild-fins like thine own,
Should be at last thy tomb—and all its mates,
Storm, waves, and darkness—the dread visitants—
To howl the music of the hurricane
Above thee in thy sleep.

TO A BRITISH OAK IN INDIA.

Bishop Heber tells us, that in the Botanic garden at Calcutta, a little wretched oak excited a melancholy interest in his mind; kept alive with difficulty under a sky and in a temperature so perpetually stimulating, which allowed it no repose or time to shed its leaves and recruit its powers by hybernation.

Vide Heber's Travels in India.

THE eastern beams which o'er thee burst,
Are not the native rays
That in their lonely glory nursed
Thy sire in happier days,
When, waving fair and free, it stood
On Scotia's mountain solitude.

Oh! wert thou in thy native wild,
Braced by its biting sky,
Soon would thy boughs, thou dearest child,
Shake their green plumage high;
And woo the falcon from her nest,
To sleep within thy heaving breast.

Amidst the gay thou'rt desolate,
Bud of the Alpine waste!
The eagle should have been thy mate,
Rock'd on the rolling blast;
The only nurse of thy young form,
The spirit of the mountain storm.
Thy kin are on a colder shore,
But they wave o'er the free—
When wilt thou stem, like them, the roar
Of storms, and on the sea
Be launch'd with thunder forth to smite
Our foemen in the dreadful fight!
Ah, no! thou ne'er shalt plough the deep,
Like strong and living thing,
And round the shores of freedom sweep,
With lightning on thy wing;
No—thou art not of Britain now,
Decay is on thy dwarfish brow.
The lofty plants that round thee stand,
Look down with scorn on thee,
Like the dull despots of the land,
They lower upon the free;
In vain the palm beside thee waves,
Thou diest—too free a thing for slaves.

Frail scion of a noble stock,
Far from thy hardy clime,
Torn rudely from thy parent rock,
Thou droop'st before thy time!
But who will mark thee pass away,
And mourn above thy dull decay?

Perchance some exile wandering lone,
Far from his kindred sky,
May gaze on thee, deserted one—
May gaze on thee, and sigh!
As memory leads his spirit back,
O'er childhood's fair and flowery track.

As gazing on thy shrivell'd form,
His thoughts in rapture stray,
To that far land of flood and storm,
That saw his early day—
Where love, in secret pleasure, nursed
Those flowers, life's fairest and her first.

Yes, 'neath the day-star's burning brow,
His cheerless heart may smile
To see a thing so lone as thou,
Child of his own fair isle—
Thy very leaves, though heeded not,
May breathe of many a blooming spot.

Of youthful hopes—of happy days,
That pass'd too early by—
Of gowany glens and lonely braes,
Whose sunshine cannot die—
That sacred spot to all who roam,
Oh! who can e'er forget it—home.

MARIUS IN THE DUNGEON.

Two nights have pass'd since Marius learn'd to sigh,
And drain the cup of lone captivity;
The third sun has declined along the wave,
And still that savage warrior is a slave:
He scorns to weep—he wishes but to start
Big, purple tear-drops from each foeman's heart:
Oh! for one hour—one faithful welcome home,
His sword would reap the noblest fruit in Rome,
Or, like the tiger, he would perish there,
Clotted with slaughter, monarch in his lair!
But, ah! those dreams of hate have sunk in night,
And the wild truth sweeps storm-like on his sight;
Madly he sprung from off his couch of pain,
But only heard the clanking of his chain:
He walk'd athwart the pavement of his cell,
He paused—he groan'd—but not a tear-drop fell,
Then darkly wrapp'd in thought, he stood the while,
And, like a demon, grimly tried to smile
In stern defiance at his fortunes now:
But memory dash'd the sunshine from his brow.

He knew 'twas night, for through the lattice high,
He saw a long, blue slip of the far sky,
Spangled with many a bright and rising star,
That seem'd to mock him from its home afar;
And he could see the round moon as she pass'd
Before his grated dungeon, for she cast
A trembling shadow on the massy wall,
A sickly lustre fitted to recall
Visions of days gone by—that far-off time,
When he was happy in his fathers' clime!

He stood before his window, where the sky
Broke fair and freshly on his haggard eye,
But steep'd in sorrow to the very brim;
No cheering meteor shed delight for him—
The dull, blue clouds by day, by night the star,
Was all that flash'd within his lattice bar:
Yet, wherefore shrink at death? he oft before
Had faced him bravely in the battle's roar:
Ay, those dear moments broke upon his brain,
When he was justly fear'd, nor fear'd in vain;
When rose his war-cry terrible and shrill,
Far on the lonely waste or cloudy hill;
When the last shudder, and the choking sigh,

The cold, fix'd horror of the moveless eye,
Glazing and blood-shot, speaking in its wane
That fearful tale it ne'er can tell again,
Reveal'd the terror of his fallen might,
His arm of desolation in the fight;
Those glorious moments, when his falchion drank
The tide of many a noble heart, that sank
In death's eternal slumber; but 'tis o'er:
His crest of pride shall kiss the breeze no more,
His standard rots upon the mountain's brow,
All but the wounds he gave, are vanish'd now!

He sat him down upon his rocky seat,
A savage despot—in misfortune great,
A haughty victim—grieving that he died
Without a hecatomb stretch'd by his side—
Without an empire laid in blood, to be
His fearful pillar through eternity!

But, hark! a sound—a low and grating tone,
Comes hoarsely onward through the vaults of stone,
A wavering beam shoots dimly through the door,
And throws its ghastly glimmer o'er the floor;
A swarthy form moves in the dungeon damp,
His trembling hand held up a feeble lamp,

Which shed a sickly lustre round the place,
And show'd the horrors of the despot's face,
Reveal'd the giant savage, as he stood,
Stern and alone, within his solitude,
Like fallen demon—mighty in his fall,
'Mid chains, despair, and death, yet scorning all!

Strike! cried the warrior, as the slave prepared
To raise his trembling hand, with dagger bared—
Strike! and the words like thunder seem'd to roll,
And chill the purpose of the felon's soul—
O'erawe the tiger in his harden'd heart,
And, from his blood-stain'd hand, pluck'd back the
dart!

His eye grew dim, and spun his dizzy brain;
He backward reel'd, his trade of blood was vain;
His panting breath came thickly gasp by gasp;
The shining blade dropp'd bloodless from his grasp,
And rushing back with wild convulsive groan,
He left the despot fetterless and lone.
That moment's pause gave freedom to the hand,
That with to-morrow plough'd his bleeding land—
But not in peace: amid a world's despair,
With red destruction's desolating share—

The tyrant lived: that disappointed blow
Laid Róme in ashes, and her thousands low!
A moment's pity one fell savage saved,
But massacred an empire, and enslaved
Millions, who felt the power of him who fell—
Then sprang again, like Lucifer, from hell,
With thoughts of death, that burn'd, but could not
change—

Revived, revigorated for revenge!
And well he used the blade, which man had given—
A people massacred, an empire riven—
Laws scorn'd—a desert, for a capital,—
Told the wild tale: a despot's rise and fall,
And power again restored; which only sought
One hour of dear revenge, and heeded not
Though in his dreams of death, his country should
Be strangled with a sea of patriot blood!
Short was his reign; yet pity often wept
For her rash act of mercy—that had kept
One monster from a just, though fearful doom,
But plunged an empire in one mighty tomb!

HOME.

THE light of other days—the beautiful—

Our morning dreams of promise, soon depart,
And colder hours, like winter tempests, thrill

Through the torn fibres of the lonely heart:
Keen is the sting of disappointment's dart,

And the young spirit sinks beneath the load
Of cheerless poverty, whose bitter smart

Comes like a thunder-cloud across the road

Which fairy hope laid out, and genius should
have trod!

Yet, come in beauty, star of twilight, come!

And bring the radiance of past hours with thee—
The perish'd smile of other years—when home

Had many a summer charm in store for me:
When I have wander'd on its hills with glee,

When the round moon, and all the stars, had lit
Their urns, and look'd in glory on the sea—

Those dreaming moments, when I used to sit,
And watch the mountain clouds o'er their broad
palace flit.

Can time e'er mar the feeling that I've nursed
For thee, dear queen of deserts—solitude!
It was my fondest passion—'twas the first
Fire of my youthful heart;—oh! I have stood,
And seen, and worshipp'd thee in every mood,
When the strong tempest shook the precipice—
When sprang the lightning to its summons rude—
When ocean raised his everlasting voice,
And, like the tone of God, bade my rapt soul
rejoice.

My spirit could not sink: I was of thee—
A portion of thy elements—I felt
Not solely form'd of clay, when standing free
Upon thy mountain battlements, where melt
The clouds that gird them like a giant belt;
Yes, Caledonia! I'm a child of thine,
And on thy deserts often have I knelt
Entranced, like pilgrim by his idol's shrine,
And bless'd the God that made thee, beauteous
country! mine.

I loved to watch the broad sun take his flight
Beyond thy shadowy deserts of the west—
To mark the first star standing in the night,
Like angel gazing on the world at rest:

Alone reclining on the mountain's breast,
My pillow the gray cairn of other days,
I loved to linger—till my soul could wrest
The brightest halo from time's fading rays,
Which hang o'er many a scene that fill'd me
with amaze.

Can I forget thee, land of liberty!
Forget the spot where fancy found me first?
All may grow dim to memory's weary eye—
The mother may forget the child she nursed—
The babe its parent,—yet for aye will burst
A glimpse of thee, my native mountains still!
'Mid thee my bosom slaked its early thirst,
In love's delicious morning; and the thrill
Of faded hours, like song, rush o'er my bosom
chill.

There is a holy grandeur round thy hills—
A halo, such as poets love to view—
A pleasing dreariness, that steals and thrills,
Like music in the night, the bosom through
The magic chords of memory's wizard clew,
Drunk with the dear delusion of delight,
Feels time outspread his misty wings anew,

And flash his ancient treasures on the sight,
That, dazzled, drinks with joy, each heavenly
object bright.

Yes; to the kindred spirit, lifeless things
Can speak a language, and again recall
Thoughts and ideas from their secret springs,
To sound once more through memory's silent hall:
The mountain has a voice—the waterfall—
The mossy cairn, that marks some hero's goal—
The stars of midnight—ocean's tone,—yea, all
The works of God, can converse with the soul,
And lead her eagle eye where storms nor waters
roll.

This dust will wither; but the thoughts which I
Have nursed, will linger round each hallow'd spot:
Volumes may perish, and the poet die;
In nature's memory, never is forgot
One sacred feeling, or one burning thought,
Which bade our soul, in its clay dwelling, flame;
Each living scene with grandeur wildly fraught—
The sky, the sea, the waste, will have the same
Bright charm, through countless years, on hearts
of kindred frame.

SONG.

OH! poor are the honours power e'er gave
To the bosom when fetters pine it,
And vile is the wreath on the brow of the slave,
When oppression's minions twine it.
Away with the hall and the banquet spread,
If freedom be denied me;
Oh! give me the blue sky above my head,
And the lonely hill beside me.

Oh! for that time, when peace, in glee,
Fills her cup for each heart to share it;
When liberty plants her holy tree—
When each storm shall roll by and spare it—
That time, when truth no longer wan,
Will beam with no cloud to shade him—
When man will scorn to bow to man,
But stand as his God has made him.

THE LAST OF THERMOPYLÆ.

THE charge was o'er—the shout, the yell
Of fight had died away,
Nought but the dead were left to tell
The horrors of the day;
And many a cuirass deeply gilt,
And falchions shiver'd to the hilt,
In wild confusion lay:
The tide of havoc had roll'd by,
And rising in a starry sky,
The calm moon trimm'd her ray.

Silence, and death's last, long eclipse,
Fell on the field of fight;
And panting throats and fiery lips
Gasp'd for the dews of night
With burning death-thirst; but in vain
Each writhed upon the battle-plain!
Long may they pant, and eye
The blue clouds in their ample hold,
That look so calm, and yet so cold,
They sail unbroken by.

And there was one still breathing on—

The last of Sparta's band—

The last whose blade had sheathless shone

Red for his father's land:

He lay with bright, though closing eye,

Fix'd on the clouds, that, blue and high,

In glory seem'd to roll;

As if the spirit of the free

Had skimm'd their breasts, that he might see

The passage of his soul.

Around him lay the ghastly crowd,

That 'neath his falchion died;

And Freedom, in her gory shroud,

Sat weeping by his side;

And near him were his faithful kin,

With broken brands—and tomb'd within,

A thousand heap'd and pent,

Whom each, with strong despairing blade,

Had, in the parting struggle, made

His only monument.

“Farewell!” he cried, “thou glorious spot,

Which now receives our elay—

Though in thy bosom we may rot,
Yet, shall we pass away?
No; those fair mountains still will stand
Our columns in our fathers' land;
And from our beds of peace,
Long speak to many a patriot eye,
When rosy-footed liberty,
Walks on the hills of Greece.

“We've fought with millions—we have reft
The laurel from their host,
And though our latest helm is cleft,
Our foes may cease to boast:
Earth groans beneath their heaps of slain—
Ah! soon the sun will rise again,
But not to glad our sight;
Yet, though each blade is shiver'd now—
Though yawns the death-gash on each brow,
We die at last in light.

Then spread, thou King of Darkness! spread
Thy wing o'er foe and friend;
But till my latest drop is shed,
I still disdain to bend:

We are the spirits of the free—
We shrink not at eternity,
And through time's parting disk,
We spring to that dim land of dreams,
Unconquer'd still in all extremes,
And chainless we'll exist.

SONG.

'Tis finish'd, they've died for their forefathers' land,
As the patriot sons of the mountains should die,
With the mail on each bosom—the sword in each
hand,
On the heath of the desert they lie:
Like their own mountain eagles they rush'd to the
fight—
Like the oaks of their deserts they braved its
rude blast;
Their blades, in the morning, look'd dazzling and
bright,
But red when the battle was past.

They rush'd on, exulting in honour, and met
The foes of their country in battle array;
But the sun of their glory in darkness hath set,
And the flowers of the forest are faded away!
Oh! far from the scenes of their childhood they sleep,
No friend of their bosom—no loved one is near,
To add a gray stone to their cairns on the steep,
Or drop o'er their ashes a tear.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

OH! I have often thought, that death
Was a long dreary sleep of woe—
A fearful and a sunless path,
Through which the soul must go
To brighter regions; but at last
I journey gladly o'er the tomb—
The bitterness of death is past,
'Twas but a moment's gloom.

Space stretches round me bright and still,
So spotless, that I yet descry
The sunny slope of the green hill,
Where I have sat with bosom high,
And watch'd the mighty orb of flame
Wheel over the majestic sea,
Until my very soul became
A portion of immensity!

I see my mother's cot—and list,
Far through the calm and slumbering air,

I hear those lips which oft I've kiss'd,
Breathe o'er my clay a mother's prayer:
Dead to the earth, and all its joy,
She bathes my white and stirless shroud—
She cannot wake her sleeping boy,
Who hangs above her from his cloud!

The earth departs—it fades—it sinks,
While I have gain'd that region, where
Even the journeying seraph shrinks
To eye the wonders rolling there:
And what a world of glory now,
Breaks round me with its scenes of bliss—
Oh! who would fear in death to bow,
For such a sight as this!

Where is the rolling moon—the sun,
The glory of our nether sphere,
That cheer'd me when my flight begun—
Is lost in darkness here:
On through a million orbs I fly,
Where never storm has ruffled space—
Where nothing but the Almighty's eye,
The awful whole can trace!

On earth, when summer eves were still,
I oft, beneath the sleepy sky,
Have sat upon the lone green hill,
To watch the far clouds heaving by;
So blue, so beautiful they seem'd,
Through such calm glory did they roll,
That, as I gazed, I've fondly deem'd
They were the mansion of the soul,

Where she might sit and lightly float,
And visit, on her airy way,
Climes far beyond the reach of thought—
But now their masses meet decay!
While high above their melting folds,
Above their boundless sea of blue,
My spirit her glad journey holds,
To bowers of brighter hue!

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

“ And when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out.”—ST. MARK.

ROUSED from its troubled sleep,
The storm howls through the air;
Night gathers on the restless deep,
And they are drifting there:
The winds around are loud,
Their lonely bark is driven,
Lone as a solitary cloud
Within a squally heaven,
When not a speck nor living thing,
Beside it, waves its weary wing.

•

They plunge amid the tide,
While, rising dark and dread,
The watery mountains almost hide
The blue sky o'er their head;
The waves have not a bark,
All but the winds are mute—
But, ha! behold amid the dark,
A soft and snowy foot,

And see, like summer cloud asleep,
A form comes shining o'er the deep!

Though gloom has thickly spread
Her cloudy veil afar,
Yet beaming on his gentle head,
Looks many a lovely star.
They shriek—and deem him first
A spirit from the grave;
But soon his voice, like music, burst
Across the hollow wave:
And 'neath its mild and magic sway,
The rattling thunders die away.

And on their watery road,
Beneath the night-winds chill,
They've gain'd their Saviour and their God,
And all again is still;
And with them sits the one
Who gave creation birth—
Who yet, from his Almighty throne,
Will read the doom of earth:
Whose arm stretch'd out from star to star,
A thousand worlds can make or mar!

THE FLIGHT OF THE LAST SPIRIT.

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”—ECCLESIASTES.

A MOMENT'S shadow o'er the brain,
And the free spirit pass'd;
While sank the dust to earth again—
Death and corruption's last!
Away the lonely wanderer flew—
Away, and bent below her view,
Where wrapp'd in distance dun,
The lone earth, 'mid the lonelier sky,
Swung lifeless, black, and solemnly,
Beneath the dying sun.

Alone the spirit soar'd, and space
In cheerless silence slept,
Where millions of the human race
In hourly flight had swept;
None travell'd now that desert dull,
The earth was mute—her graves were full,
The ocean had no hum,
Its dead still lay unwaked, unknown,
Its thousand fleets were drifting on,
But all their decks were dumb.

Life's latest cup was fill'd—was quaff'd,
Creation's last was gone,
While Ruin, in his glory, laugh'd
At Death the skeleton,
Who, from his ghastly triumphs hurl'd,
Stood darkly on the whirling world—
So late his realms of strife—
The dim, the crownless king of night,
No more to wave his brand, and smite
The wither'd tree of life.

Life's varied dream was vanish'd now,
Yet in Time's fearful span,
Since darkness fell on Abel's brow,
To this last wreck of man,
What oceans of unheeded tears,
What bitter pangs, what sighs and fears,
Have loaded every gale!
No shred of dust in death's cold cell,
But, in its brief career, could tell
The same dark mournful tale!

THE VESSEL OF THE DEAD.

THE summer breeze with feeble voice,
Such as is heard on sea and shore,
Where stretch those thousand leagues of ice—
A grave—and nothing more,—
Comes o'er the eternal solitude,
Bidding the frozen deep divide;
The bark, long fetter'd in the flood,
Drifts now before the tide.

Drifts—ay, but who is there to steer
Her path beneath the icy sky?
Deaf is each seal'd and soundless ear,
And closed each sparkling eye:
Now frozen to a lump of stone,
The ghastly dwellers of that wreck—
Each lank and fearful skeleton,
Is glued unto the deck!

No one was by them, when they went
In darkness to their endless sleep,
As their last thrilling prayer was sent
For mercy o'er the deep;

But lonely in their night of woes,
They saw their latest sun depart,
And the long winter round them close,
Which chill'd the firmest heart.

Oh! 'twas a cheerless look, which last
Came from the expiring sailor's eye,
When mounting to the dizzy mast,
He gazed o'er wave and sky;
Where hung the day's disk on the brink
Of darkness, e'er it closed in sleep,
How did he watch to see it sink,
Far o'er the broken deep!

The winds but met him with their voice
Of desolation and dismay,
He saw but one wide world of ice,
His home was far away;
Then round him silence breathed despair,
Death sat upon his snowy throne:
A few short days—he still was there,
A thing of frozen stone.

Ah! many a bitter year has shed
Its war of storms o'er them, since last

Their swelling sails were gaily spread

Before their kindred blast:

They left a land—they cannot greet

Those smiling scenes—ere time was old,

And youthful friends they ne'er shall meet,

Whose hearts, like theirs, are cold.

The billows of that frozen sea,

The lifeless sky so chill and dark,

Are fit companions now for thee,

Death's solitary bark!

And thou dost waft thy shroudless breasts,

As carelessly upon thy way,

As if thou held'st but jocund guests,

Not ashes, and decay.

POMPEII.

'Twas noon's high hour, the glorious noon
Of a bright summer day,
And Tiber, 'neath the sky of June,
Roll'd o'er his marble way;
Far through the azure solitude,
The domes and mountain-towers
Of the Eternal City, stood
Amid their orange bowers;
And o'er Italia, love and mirth
Sported in dreams of glee,
Such as they reign'd ere the young earth
Was strangled by the sea:
Those hours when men and angels met,
Ere Eden's morning-star had set—
Ay! 'twas a holy hour, no breath
Crept through the dreaming air,
To tell mankind, the spectre, Death,
Hung in his darkness there,
Ready to crush, with giant stride,
An empire's glory and her pride!

The sun is changed—with look of blood,
O'er Roma's thousand towers he stood,
Whose shadows streak'd the thunder-cloud
That swathed creation like a shroud:
There was a stillness in the air—
An awful stillness, like despair,
That pants and holds her hollow breath,
As if afraid to think on death;
So still and sultry was the hour,
The spreading olives were asleep,
And the warm breeze scarce seem'd to creep,
As if it fear'd to wake each flower!
Yet, 'twas a dreadful calm—the hum,
Which render'd nature all but dumb,
Told, with the language of dismay,
Of tempests gathering far away:
The trees beneath the darkness bow'd;
The vulture paused upon her cloud,
All motionless with savage eye,
Fix'd on the black and threatening sky;
The sea-birds rose with screamings shrill;
The steer stood lowing on the hill,
With ghastly eye and nostril spread,
Snuffing the blast high overhead;

And far amid the closing dark,
Was heard the wolf's unearthly bark;
And man's vast tribes, with restless feet,
Were hurrying through each crowded street,
With quivering lip and forehead pale,
And eye that told a dreadful tale!
Yet, ere creation's brow was smit,
His banner of despair
Vesuvius had unfurl'd, and lit
His torch of sulphury glare;
While towering through the infernal quire,
The hoary mount in grandeur stood,
A stormy pyramid of fire,
Lighting the solitude,
Like the dark angel who shall stand,
And fire the world at God's command:
The sun goes down, amid the rush
Of angry blasts—a dying flush,
As if his ghost was hurrying past,
A moment o'er the earth is cast—
Then all is dark, while onward spread
The clouds, as if each star was dead!

It comes—a crash, as if a world
From its eternal throne was hurl'd;

Like chaos at creation's birth,
The shatter'd bosom of the earth
Heaves, reels, and bursts, far, fierce, and free;
The lava comes—a boiling sea;
The clouds explode with horrid mirth;
Death swept the sky, and shook the earth!
And, hark! 'mid strange and awful sounds,
The ocean breaks his ancient bounds!
Between the roused earth and the sky,
The wrecks of life are thickly toss'd;
The birds in wild disorder fly,
With heavy wing and wailing cry,
Till in the tempest lost.
Now, all is past: but, mercy! where
Are the bright towers that kiss'd the air?
They all have sunk—not one is seen,
To speak of millions that have been;
The earth has ope'd her stony jaws,
In this wild hour of doom,
And breaking fair creation's laws,
Has hid them in her womb—
A thousand fathoms down they sleep,
Their grave, at last, is dark and deep!

THE PELICAN'S NEST.

HER home was in the waste—a bower,
 A little grove of lively green,
 Like some lone spot of shade and flower,
 Amid the pathless ocean seen;
 Or little clouds at eve, that lie,
 When all the track of heaven is red,
 Far in the bosom of the sky,
 Half by the bright effulgence hid.

Through its wild groves, with sleepy play,
 A streamlet water'd scenes of gloom,
 So thick its shade, the foot of day
 Ne'er dimpled o'er its rayless womb;
 Around its banks, no living flower
 Sprang freshly to the morning's kiss,
 For never came one sunny hour,
 To woo them in the wilderness.

A thousand leagues around it, spread
 The desert mingling with the cloud,
 Where nature look'd deform'd and dead,
 And time seem'd dozing o'er her shroud;

The burning sun by day—the star
By night, were all the eyes that shone,
Life's varied millions dwelt afar,
That solitary reign'd alone.

No other visitants had she
Than the huge lion, as he pass'd
Her palmy bower, when forced to flee
Before the simoom's blast;
At times, the dark and giant snake
Was seen to warble through the sand,
And seek the shelter of her brake,
When tempests were at hand.

And she has seen him from her nest,
When some wild wanderer near'd his way,
Dart, hissing from the forest's breast,
Upon his shrinking prey:
In vain the victim struck his fangs
In dying agony—in vain
He writhed and yell'd,—his latest pangs
Soon ceased in that wild plain.

She's seen the antelope, when chased
Before the monarch of the wood,

Pause, panting, 'mid his frenzied haste,
 To lap her fairy flood—
 To nerve him for the way; and when
 His thirst was quench'd, with gallant bound
 He'd clear the stream, and seek again
 The dark wastes yawning round.

While, after thundering on the breeze,
 The lion's roar came rolling on,
 And darting through the quaking trees,
 The tawny monarch shone;
 While that lone bird beheld on high,
 The prowler hunt his wearied prey,
 And listen'd till she heard its cry,
 Far o'er the desert die away.

The tiger, gaunt and fearful lord,
 The savage despot of the wild,
 When wandering from his famish'd horde,
 Oft near'd this lonely child:
 And thou hast seen, when rose the blast
 Dim floating o'er the tempest's form,
 The vulture sail sublimely past,
 Like spirit of the storm.

Though round thee smiles no flowery scene
To woo the wandering zephyr's sigh,
Nor forests, with their plume of green,
Wave dark in the blue sky;
Yet, can the simoom's arrows strike
The glorious clouds above thy head—
They are not gray, nor wither'd like
The bones around thy tread.

Lone bird! thy ear hath never heard
Man's foot within thy solitude,
Where thou unseen, the monarch bird,
Reign'st o'er thy yelling brood;
Thou seest those hours roll on, that change
The breathing world—thy throne is where
Time levels nothing in his range:
Man is a stranger there!

CARACTACUS

Before Claudius the Roman Emperor.

WHILE others knelt, with soul sublime,
He scorn'd to bend the knee;
He thought upon his own fair clime,
Far, far beyond the sea:
He saw, with memory's eagle eye,
Her mountains and her clear blue sky—
Those scenes, where, gay and free,
He mingled with his warrior men
'Gainst Rome and Rome's—a monarch then.

Had he not show'd he still was free,
His proud heart would have broke—
Free as when Rome's high chivalry
Sank 'neath his falchion's stroke.
Though not upon his native hill,
He had the soul to brave them still,
With haughty mein he spoke;
Whirling aloft his fetter'd hand,
As if he grasp'd his father's brand:

Proud monarch! view my fetter'd form—

Ay—mark me! can'st thou see

Aught shrinking 'neath oppression's storm?

No: Britain's king is free!

I've felt—I've proved man's holiest rights—

I've smote thee in a hundred fights—

And shall I bend the knee?

No: though betray'd, and friendless here,

This bosom has not learn'd to fear.

Though thou may'st doom to death, thy brand

Can but transfix this breast;

Unconquer'd is my father's land,

That garden of the west:

Upon her mountains I have braved

Thy millions, and though now enslaved,

Though cloven is my crest,

I still thy sternest threats defy—

A Briton trembles not to die.

O thou that hast such grandeur stored,

Such palaces, such domes,

Ah! how can'st thou unsheathe the sword

Against our lowly homes?

Ah! why dost thou still envy me
A hut?—but Britain's chief is free,
His glory is not Rome's;
Thy flags may fan our every hill,
A million there defy thee still.

And thou may'st sweep their mountains bare,
Thy fame an empire's wail,
And drive destruction's gory share,
Through every smiling vale;
But thou wilt only reign alone,
When every struggling heart is gone:
Then o'er their ashes pale,
Thou may'st exert a despot's zeal,
But where will be the hearts to kneel?

Yes, o'er a kingdom's boundless grave,
Thou then may'st stretch thy rod
In exultation, but no slave
Will quiver at thy nod;
Like tiger thou may'st massacre,
Till not one heart is left to stir
Within her lone abode,
But never will thy merciless brand
Make one slave in my bleeding land.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

CALL'D by Jehovah's awful voice to die—
With manly bosom, and with fearless eye,
He stood high on the mount's majestic cone,
On spots the eagle singled for her own—
God's chosen one—he felt his heart expand,
As gazing on the fair, the promised land:
'Twas sunset, and the moon began to rise,
Like the calm spirit of the glowing skies;
Above him were the countless stars of night,
Each breaking in upon its throne of light;
Earth was beneath him, but as wild and waste
As at the first when its vast line was traced,
And all around was hush'd;—the very breath
Of the thin air seem'd nature's at her death,
And the far desert-breeze that faintly curl'd,
Wail'd like the requiem of a dying world!
So high he stood, the cataract on its way,
Was seen, like sunbeam, in its dazzling play—
Not heard—where silence hung in pride of place,
And nature sicken'd in the width of space,

As if she felt, in solitudes so high,
Afraid to gaze upon the voiceless sky.

Below, like ocean at the set of sun,
When the light breezes of the day are done,
Lay the far land of promise—green and fair,
As if a paradise still linger'd there;
Fresh was its wavy bosom—far away,
It look'd as on creation's early day,
All flowers and sunshine. While the prophet gazed,
The glory of his God around him blazed;
He turned—he saw the desert stretching grand
To the blue sky its endless waves of sand;
He saw the hosts of Israel far below,
Their white tents like a wilderness of snow;
And in his farewell hour a softness crept
Around his bosom, and the prophet wept
The last, few burning tears at parting, shed
For millions whom he long had loved and led.
But soon they ceased to flow—ere died the day
Upon the mountains, he had pass'd away:
The God he worshipp'd, bended from his cloud,
And bore his spirit from its earthly shroud.

POMPEY'S FUNERAL.

THE trump is mute, no banners wave,
Those pageantries that still attend
Earth's mightiest to the darksome grave,
Deck not this hero's end;
Forsaken is the tomb of him
Who fill'd earth's empires with his name,
Whose deeds of glory, render'd dim
The brightest in the book of fame!

He, at whose nod, some hours before,
The proudest chiefs were seen to bend,
Now that his dazzling power is o'er,
Can scarcely find a friend!
Of all his thousand hosts the while,
There's none to drop o'er him a tear;
Fortune! the hearts who court thy smile,
Should come and see it here.

His freedman and a soldier kept
Their mournful vigil as he lay,
Their's were the only eyes that wept
O'er Rome's once noblest clay.

Ah! must the cold and lowly sod,
Be all the cheerless covering now,
Instead of glory's banner broad,
To fan his kingly brow?

And can no rich and gaudier pall,
Be found to deck the hero's head?
Ah! no: that humble bier is all
The splendour of the dead.
The pile is lit,—the curling flame
Swathes, in its withering glory, round
The very demi-god of fame,
For whom earth was too small a bound.

Beneath a tree—that long had grown
Where nothing lovely else had birth,
Wither'd and bent, like freedom's own,
Upon the shackled earth—
They laid his ashes; and they wept
To see his fame so darkly furl'd—
To think so small a mansion kept
The conqueror of a world!

And ere the evening's heavy lid
Sank on the burning eye of day,

A few untrodden flowers had hid
Rome's holiest dust for aye!
He slept upon the desert shore—
He slept in solitude and gloom,
And he, who ruled a world before,
Could scarcely find a tomb!

His laurel branch the victor wore,
And thousands swell'd his proud array;
He could not mark the tears shed o'er
His rival's shroudless clay;
He could not see the million drops,
To freedom's parting spirit given—
Sighs for an empire's wither'd hopes,
Which vengeance bore to heaven!

He could not mark, till—for that bier,
Though shed in night and solitude,
Each bitter, big, and burning tear—
Revenge had turn'd to blood:
Then freedom triumph'd o'er despair,
She rose—she scorn'd to bend the knee—
God granted, then, each patriot's prayer,
Rome was a moment free!

SONNET.—TO A SIGH.

SPIRIT of love! away, and meet my fair;
Bear in thy flight young Cupid's silver dart,
And fail not now, but flutter round her heart,
And raise a gleam of equal passion there;
Teach her to know what 'tis the soul must feel,
That parts with thee in silence and despair;
And oh, fond flutter! may'st thou sweetly steal
A living throb from her, that I may share
A moment's hope; but if upon thy way
The rude breeze chills that gentle form of thine,
Drop in the bosom of some floweret gay,
Where thou may'st, like a dew-bell, brightly shine:
By it my Isabell perchance may stray,
Pluck thy soft shroud, within her locks to twine,
And kiss thee, gentle sigh! unknowing thou art
mine!

TIME IS PAST.—A FRAGMENT.

THE waves of space had roll'd into a calm—
The elements were dead—the angel's trump
Had peal'd its last notes through the reeling vault,
While the dull earth, in lifeless beauty, hung
Beneath the clouds, where silence sat enthroned
Amid the desolation of a sphere.
Each wither'd element bore nought but death—
The air was lifeless—on the mountains hung
The clouds in cheerless solitude—the deep
Stood one vast wilderness of azure, mute
And motionless beneath the stagnant sky—
The fleets of empires and the spoils of time
Lay rotting on its surface—earth was hush'd—
Mankind had left their graves—the judgment-hour
And all its thunder, had at last roll'd by:
The myriads of our sphere—the hosts of heaven
Had journey'd to their stars, and space look'd void,
Without one wing to skim her shoreless sea:
Her million orbs roll'd in their joy afar,
Bright in their day of glory; but the earth

Had seen its latest hour for ever pass—
Its last heart heave the bitter pang of life,
And its last spirit wing aloft for heaven!
Now, lonely and forsaken, on it swung
Beneath the sleeping thunder-bolts, a prey
To their wild, withering fire, when God commands
The awful hurricane to sweep the sky.

Heaven and earth is still—
Such stillness as befits the throne of death,
Dosing like sable spirits on their way;
The clouds hang o'er the green hills, and the graves,
Where dwelt for many a thousand centuries,
The myriads of the earth—the goodly ones
Of past existence, yet are gaping wide,
And tenantless beneath the dead blue sky,
Such as they look'd, when from their mouldy jaws
Sprang their old dwellers, and the cities stood
In solitary pomp, the skeletons—
The lank white skeletons, the bleaching bones,
The sapless shreds of nature's million herds
Of beast and bird—the fetter'd and the free,
The wild, the tame, lie thickly o'er the earth,
Thick as the snow-flakes on a winter night,

They whiten o'er the wilderness, and none
Wanders among the dead; the serpent lies,
Foul image of the earliest foe of man;
Stiff on her rocks the eagle withers; and
The lion, 'mid his sandy desert, rots;
The battle-horse unharness'd, and the flocks
By thousands strew the mountains, but their guides
Are far away, they now at last have felt
They are of holier kin, and nobler clay;
Ay, man has felt divinity at last,
And with the pinions of a god, has left
His brother brutes to wither where they died!

It was a glorious moment, when the groan,
Which man had heaved for ages, pass'd away;
When time expired, the great sun beam'd on high,
And nature drank his glory; nought but life,
Which sprung at first from nothing, then expired;
Space spread in silence, and the earth roll'd round
In melancholy music through the clouds;
The thunders and the lightning, and the rush
Of gathering angels round the bar of God;
The song of seraphim; the awful hum,
Loud as a thousand oceans in the night,

Of all the various multitudes of man
Winging the silent vault; the shout of saints,
The cherub's trump; and, oh! more loud than all,
The deep-denouncing voice of the Most High,
Reading the secrets of the Book of Life!
All—all the sounds, which on that awful morn
Startled immensity and night, had pass'd,
And silence hung—as hung the mystic dove
At earth's creation—o'er the universe!

'Twas now an hour of wonderment in heaven!
All knew the Eternal had in glory call'd
The chosen of the sky around his throne,
To see the doom of yon far-fated orb:
High on their clouds, its old inhabitants
Stood gazing on their fair, devoted world!
Amid the multitude, I lingering watch'd
The transformation of my kindred star,
When, lo! arising from his shining throne,
The Everlasting waved that rod, which guides
Unwearied systems through eternal wastes
Of uncreated matter—where the stars,
Like lone and distant sentinels, keep watch
O'er the wild sway of chaos and old night!

Now there is silence, fearful and profound,
Through the far track of heaven; a solemn pause
Of all the thousand thousand harps at once,
In honour to the Highest, that his voice
May roll alone athwart immensity!
He spoke,—and doom'd the earth to utter change,
To change its continents and oceans vast,
And form another and a brighter link
In the grand chain of being: all was still—
A solemn silence—when the Eternal spoke,
The sun grew paler, and the scatter'd clouds,
Sullen and black, seem'd gather'd in their strength
Of storm and darkness o'er the sentenced world;
As yet, no murmur crept along their folds,
But all seem'd sleeping in the ghastly smile
Of dying nature. Oh! 'twas then I stood
With many millions gazing on the earth—
The green and lovely earth—which still to me,
After a thousand years of separation,
Look'd with the traits of some familiar friend,
And then I felt—what oft on earth I've felt—
The sickly pang of parting; long I hung
Above my own fair world, and saw its shores
Stretch in their sunny desolation round,

And the dim oceans gather'd in their beds
Of mountain grandeur, glittering in the last
Pale glimmer of existence! I beheld
The far-famed empires of the early world;
Still frown'd the ruins of Imperial Rome,
The gray and mighty monuments, that tower'd
Fresh in the spring-time of creation; there
Greece moulder'd in her loveliness; and still
Egypt, in all her hieroglyphic grandeur,
And mystic colonnades—sublimely rose,
Her pyramids, rear'd at the birth of time,
True to their makers' plan, beheld the end
And dissolution of the world! Mine eye,
With wonder, wander'd o'er the mighty globe—
Gazed on its dead annihilated states!
I saw the hills of Ind; but lovelier far,
The regions of fair freedom in the west,
Where Britain taught Columbia's sons to plant
And guard the Tree of Liberty; but still
Longing, mine eye roam'd eager to find out
The loveliest spot to me of all the earth—
And soon amid the blue sky of the north,
The clear, cold azure of that stainless clime,
Green, and as lovely, as when first my feet

Sprang on their heathy bosoms, I descried
The lone hills of fair Albion, sleeping huge
Amid the lifeless ether: still they look'd
Old beauteous friends, whom I had cherish'd long,
Dear to me in my boyhood and my prime—
My old age and decay. I gazed on them,
And with a spirit's love hung over them,
And drank their cold fresh breezes up again;
Their flinty foreheads still were in the clouds,
And the same spots, whose beauty or whose gloom,
I oft had chanted in my early day,
Sprung in their old and varied charms to me;
I saw the slope—the green and velvet slope,
Where I had often lain and watch'd the clouds
Sail in their glory past me; and the stream
That lull'd me into slumber, wander'd on
In all its desert harmony of song!
Ah! many a vanish'd year again came back
With their familiar faces, lost so long
In the dull sleep of death: the very trees,
With their wild wandering music, spoke to me;
And the black grizzly rocks that gloom'd around,
Look'd like kind, smiling brothers in my face;
The peaks, whose pinnacles had echo'd oft

The glorious music of the mountain-storm,
When its red falchion darting from the cloud,
Split the old haggard cliffs, and hurled down
The avalanche of a thousand years!
The green hills, and the blue sky, and the clouds,
The wild streams, and the gray stones, and the moss,
The rank weeds, and the strong and mountain plants,
The glens, the brushwood in its own rich wildness,
All—all was Caledonia!—every spot
Spoke of my early joys, but all was dumb;
Death had disrobed creation, lovely land!
No more the setting sun, the midnight stars,
Nor the round-rolling moon, shall sweetly beam
Upon thy mountains, or thy palaces,
Or thy vast pillar'd temples! Ah! no more
Shall thy fair cities of the strath uprear
Their wilderness of stone, to greet thy smile—
My own loved cities, where, in earth's far day,
I drank the sweet and bitter draught of life,
And wander'd 'mid their monuments, and sang
My youthful loves and visions—they shall sink
With all their mass of ages, down to night;
And the pure streams, which sung their desert tones,
And were a beauty to their busy marts,

Shall be suck'd up in the engulfing waste,
Never to wander from their hills again!
Earth! fare-thee-well!—farewell my father's land—
Thou loveliest mountain land!—thou sacred isle!
Where freedom fear'd no master—fare-thee-well!
If spirits, in their happiness, dare think
Of their old dwellings, I will often turn
My wandering eye to the blue fields of space,
Where thou didst once rejoice, and think of thee!

The winds that sung upon the hills—the sea—
The voice of mighty nature had expired,
While expectation, solemn and intense,
Ran o'er the host of heaven, as from their clouds
They gazed in silence on the lifeless world:
At last, the wild hour came—the fearful end—
Far flash'd the lightning, and the thunder broke
From the black east, and with its levelling share,
Tore up the marble pillars of the sky!
On roll'd the tempest, yet beneath it lay
The earth asleep—the stars of morning sat,
Each on its crystal throne, and beautiful
The blue sky spun around it, while its hills,
With all their thousand forests wild and green,

Waved in the azure wilderness; the moon
Walk'd o'er its purple mountains, and, unstain'd,
Laugh'd on its slumbering waters. But at once
The heavens were darken'd, and the breath of God
Blew out the lamps of light, and all was black;
While the dark angel of destruction stood
High o'er the blast that roll'd beneath his feet—
His left hand held the sweeping scythe of time—
His right, the desolating brand of God,
Ready to lit the solitary world!

Now it is done: on comes the scourge of fate,
A mighty comet like a thousand suns,
Burning, and vast in magnitude—fit pest
To shrivel up a million stars, and turn
Their beauty into ashes—on it came,
Hissing and heaving o'er the shatter'd clouds:
It suck'd the earth within its boiling womb,
Which only hiss'd a moment, when its seas
And rivers shrunk to nothingness beneath
So vast a ruin: every atom blazed
And melted in its wild engulfing breast!
Changed in a moment, soon no trace remain'd
Of what had been a beauty in the heavens!

All was a blank: and that red messenger,
The minister of the Most High, roll'd on,
Flaming and withering on its path, to blast
Some other orb beneath the doom of death!

Now from their stars and orbs of loveliness,
Came millions of bright spirits borne from earth,
Who, in their faith, had wash'd their garments
white

In their Redeemer's blood; in joy they sing,
While float their hymns far o'er the wreck of time—
Worthy the Lamb! for he was slain for us—
Hosanna to the Highest! while the host
Of fair celestial seraphs stood before
The awful glory of Omnipotence!
Loud rose their songs of gladness as they bow'd,
And all the armies of the Highest join'd:
Heaven's bounds re-echo'd to the joyful shout,
And the wild restless waves of chaos stood
A moment silent, as the swelling notes
Roll'd on like thunder o'er the universe!

RICHARD I. SURNAMED CŒUR DE LION.

The discovery of the captivity of Richard I. is said to have been made by a poor French minstrel, who, playing upon his harp near the fortress in which the captive monarch was confined, a tune which the king was fond of, was answered by Richard from within, who with his harp played the same tune, and thus discovered the place of his confinement.

His conquering sword had lost its shine—

His proud and eagle plume,

Which waved so oft o'er Palestine,

Droop'd in the dungeon's gloom:

Barr'd from the millions of his fame,

He pined—when, lo! one eve there came

A bard, with tuneful hand,

And play'd beneath his grated tower,

In twilight's, lone departing hour,

A song of his far land.

The captive monarch heard the strain

In melting echoes roll,

And thoughts of early hours again,

Like sunshine, cross'd his soul,—

His fetter'd limbs—the dungeon's cell,

Sank in his brain before the spell—

The dream of life's young day!

He seized the harp with bounding thrill,
Through woe, his sole companion still,
And sung that island lay.

That song, his spirit's burning prayer,
Roll'd on its cloudy track;
The vulture heard it in the air,
And scream'd its echoes back:
Alone the captive warrior stood,
Harping in his dark solitude,
While to his memory's eye,
His own green valleys rose anew—
His heathy hills, their streams of blue,
Flash'd in their beauty by.

The sky was calm, the clouds had met,
Day's last rays had gone down;
'Twas deep midnight, but she had set
Each bright star in her crown:—
The minstrel heard the notes that rang,
He knew 'twas England's king that sang—
To England's shore he hied.
His people heard his fate; that strain,
From Europe's mightiest, broke the chain,
And saved an empire's pride!

SONNET.—TO A DECAYED FLOWER.

ONCE thou didst bloom, fair blossom! but thou'rt
dead;

And the soft hand that nursed thee, spurns thee
now,

And leaves thee withering when thy smiles are fled,
When age weighs down thy white, unsullied
brow!

Thou meet'st the fate of many a gentle heart,
Beloved and cherish'd—when their hopes were
high—

Till wrung and pierced by fortune's bitter dart,
Then, like thee, they are flung neglected by,
Without a tear, to wither and to die!

And such may be his fate who mourns thy doom:
Destined to brave a cold and sunless sky,

His morning hopes have scarcely sprung in bloom,
But the fell blasts of biting poverty

Have shut their opening buds, and laid them in
the tomb!

THE END.

ERRATUM.

In page 154, second stanza, third line, read "desert" for "dearest."

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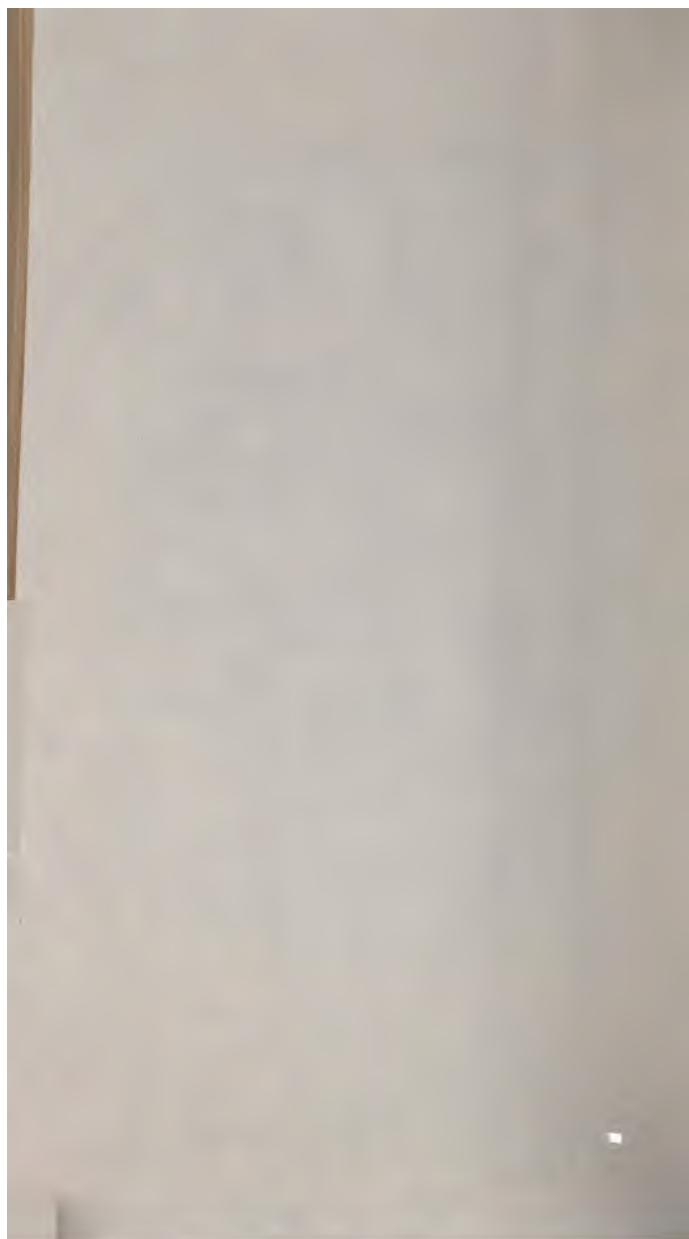
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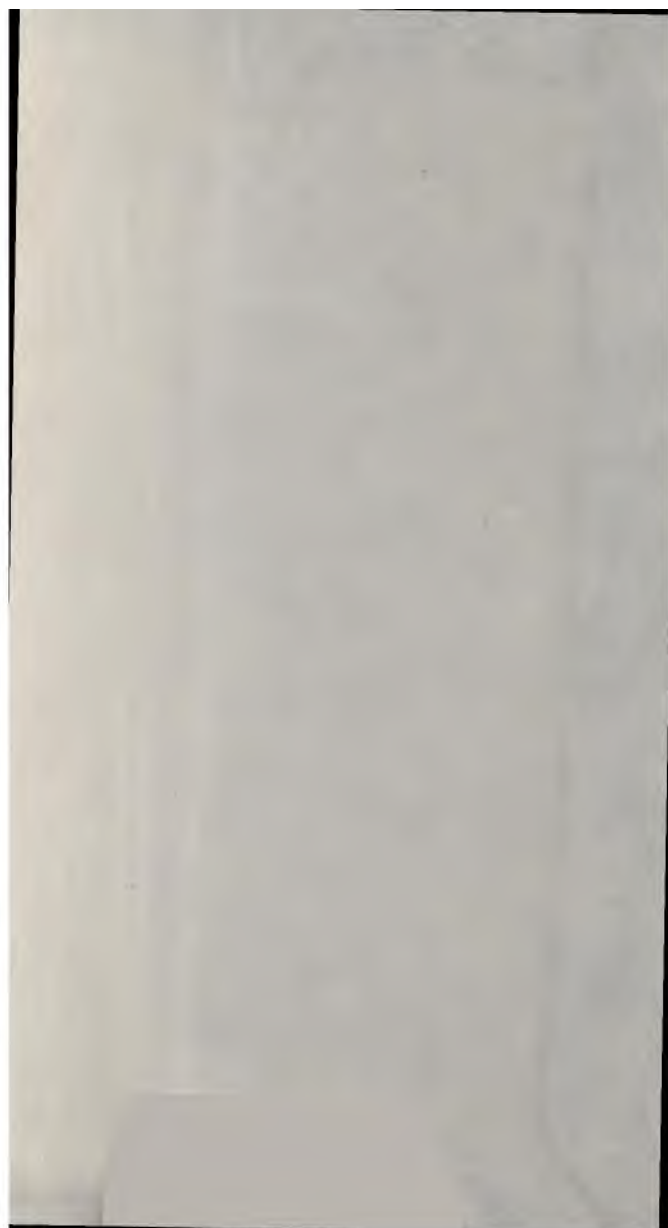
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